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[ONE PENNY.]



"CHEER UP, MY FRIEND; ALL WILL YET BE WELL."

SAM SAWBONES;

OR,

The Life and Adventures of a Medical Student.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

Author of "The Harkaway Stories," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"PROMISE me I shall see him," pleaded Lulie.

"You shall."

She tripped lightly up the steps, disappearing in the elegant house of Mr. Marcell, who, if one could be allowed to judge by external surroundings, was very comfortably off for all the good things of this world.

Quite a crowd had collected during this conversation; the groom had taken possession of the runaway horse, and seeing his employer, handed him his young mistress's hat.

"Very sorry sir," he said; "can't understand how it happened. Reim broke."

"You must test the rein another time. Be off to the stable," said Mr. Marcell.

Sam was standing on the footpath, and Jack Scalpel was engaged in charitably brushing him down.

A considerable quantity of mud had collected on his clothes, and he was bleeding slightly from a few scratches, but otherwise he was unhurt, though much shaken from his jolting over the stones.

"You got out of that very well, my young and intelligent friend," said Jack.

"Yes, indeed," replied Sam. "Though I didn't care for myself then, if she was unhurt."

"You're beginning to be a knight-errant early."

"I'm not a coward: that's all I care for."

"Who said you were? I look upon you as an honour to the hospital, and don't you forget it, young fellow. We'll put it in the papers. How would you like to see—"

'Gallant Conduct of a Young Medical Student. He Saves a Young Lady on a Runaway Horse at the Risk of his Life. Sam Sawbones to the Rescue. Full Particulars of the Gallant Deed.'

and all that sort of thing?"

"You can cheese that, for I don't want it known," replied Sam. "Come along. I've done my duty as a man, and that's all I care about."

"H'm!" said Jack Scalpel. "Virtue is its own reward, eh?"

"I don't care if it isn't."

Mr. Marcell now came up and touched Sam's arm.

"Are you the—a—person who saved my child?" he asked.

"I stopped the horse, sir," replied Sam.

"Very good. Will you have the kindness to step inside?" continued the old gentleman.

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you for your invitation," replied Sam; "but really I hope you'll excuse me."

"Why should I?"

"You see I've been a little knocked about in the scrimmage with the horse, and I am scarcely in trim to present myself before a lady."

"Oh, that's all rubbish; we'll make all allowances for want! They don't call me wheel-souled John Marcell for nothing, and you've done me the greatest service you could, for the worst calamity which could befall me would be the loss of my Lulie, though I think some of you good-looking young fellows will be stealing her from me some day; but step inside."

"All right!"

"And your friend?"

"Allow me! This is Mr. John Scalpel. I am Sam Sawbones, both medical student."

"Happy to meet you. Come along!"

He led the way up the steps.

The people had been trying to find out who the courageous young man was that had saved the life of the lady at the risk of his own.

Sam's mud-spattered attire and his going up to the house with the owner settled the question.

"That's him!" they cried. "Look at him! That's the one without his hat! Let's give him a cheer; come, boys, a lusty Hurrah! 'rah! 'rah!'"

The members of the crowd responded heartily to this invitation, and a loud, cordial cheer went up from many throats.

A man with a note-book had been listening to the conversation between Mr. Marcell and Sam.

"H'm!" he muttered, looking at his book; "I'll go to the Press Club and write this up for my paper, and we'll have it in the 'Moon' to-morrow. Got the names all right. Sam Sawbones, medical student; John Marcell, he's the wealthy soap-boiler—I know him. He called the girl Lulie. Pretty name. Whole thing quite romantic. Runaway horse. Tip-top sensation. First-class, and I am the only man who's got it. Lucky I was passing."

With a subdued chuckle at being so fortunate as to forestall the other members of the press, he put his note-book in his pocket and strolled on to the street to indulge in a glass of brandy on the strength of his sensation.

When the door closed behind Mr. Marcell and his young acquaintance, the crowd dispersed, and the street resumed its wonted appearance once more.

Lulie had lost no time in changing her riding-habit and doing up her lovely hair, so that she was in the drawing-room waiting their coming attired in a handsome silk dress, and looking as charming as if she had not a short time before been on the brink of a terrible accident, which, if it had not cost her life, would have most likely broken her limbs or ruined her beauty for ever.

She rose with much grace and simplicity to thank her preserver, while her face was covered with blushes.

Her father introduced the students, who were

struck with the evidences of wealth and refinement which surrounded them on all sides.

Yet Sam had nothing but eyes for Lulie, whom he thought the most charming young lady it had ever been his fortune to see before.

"Believe me, Mr. Sawbones," said Lulie Marcell, "that I shall never, never cease to thank you all my life. My ride was a long one, I passed many people. None offered to help me, and I gave myself up for lost. Oh! the horror of those few dreadful minutes."

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out some horrible sight.

"Never mind. It is all over now," exclaimed her father.

"Yes, thank heaven! And my brave deliverer—"

"Pray say no more about it," interrupted Sam.

"I am sufficiently rewarded by seeing you here safe and sound, and if Mr. Marcell will have the extreme kindness to lend me an old hat to go home in, I shall be perfectly happy."

"My dear young friend, there are half a dozen on the rack. Take your choice," said Mr. Marcell.

"Thank you."

"And permit me," said Lulie, drawing a very valuable and handsome ring from her finger, "to ask you to accept this as a slight token of my esteem and regard."

It was a plain gold hoop, set all the way round with emeralds and diamonds.

"Oh! it's too much," replied Sam.

"Please take it," she urged.

"Don't be at all bashful, young fellow," exclaimed Mr. Marcell, with the bad, but pardonable taste which many self-made men cannot get rid of. "She's got plenty more, and a fifty pound ring isn't a circumstance to a girl who will have half a million from me on her marriage."

"Oh! papa," said Lulie, blushing as she saw Sam smile.

"Well, my dear, what have I said wrong now? It's all my own money, and honestly come by, isn't it?"

"Why, certainly."

"Then give him the ring, and let's have no more powwowing about it."

Sam saw a look in her eyes which showed him that she would be very much disappointed if he refused any longer.

So he accepted the token with a bow and some muttered thanks.

"Won't you stay to dinner?" asked Mr. Marcell.

"Not to day, thank you."

"Well, just as you say; but you'll have to come and see us. Don't stand upon ceremony. If I'm not home you'll find Lulie. She's my housekeeper and right hand since I lost her poor mother. God bless her."

"I hope frequently to do myself the pleasure," answered Sam.

"And we shall, I'm sure, be equally pleased to see Mr. Scalpel," said Lulie.

It was Jack's turn to bow now.

"Will letters find you at the hospital?" asked Lulie.

"Oh, yes!"

"Because I want you gentlemen to honour my next ball."

"When will that be?"

"In a fortnight, and you will not fail to come?"

They declared nothing should prevent their doing so, and took their leave.

Lulie gave Sam an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a look almost of love, but she instantly looked down, as if angry with herself for giving way to such emotion.

When the students got outside, Sam had on a felt hat of Mr. Marcell's, and looked respectable again.

They walked across back to town.

"Say, Sam, do you know what I think?" asked Jack Scalpel.

"No!"

"There's no chance for you in that quarter." Sam blushed up to his eyes.

"I wasn't dreaming of such a thing," he exclaimed.

"Yes you were; you can't deceive me. I've been there myself, young as I am. I've had two love affairs, and I know from Miss Lulie Mar-

cell's manner that she is already engaged to another."

"If I thought that I'd—"

He was checked abruptly by Jack's laughter. "You'd knock his blooming head off," said Jack; "of course you would. I know what you'd like to do; stab the ruffian to the heart; calcine his bones; plunge a dagger into his aorta; cut his carotid artery; make mincemeat of his ears; and sell his curly locks for dog-mats."

"Oh! cheese it," said Sam. "You're always raving."

Jack did not torment him any more, though he felt very much like doing it; fortunately for Sam's peace of mind—for he was madly, desperately, blindly in love with the pretty Lulie—he was suddenly recalled to the vanities of the world by a touch of his usual complaint.

"So help me never!" he exclaimed. "I've got a thirst on me a yard long. It's been an awful time between drinks."

"Well—" began Sam.

"Oh, no, you don't. There no water about this racket, so you can let 'well' alone," he interrupted.

"I didn't mean that."

"Don't care what you mean. Come into this pub and stand some malt liquid."

"All right," replied Sam.

They entered the pub, which was neatly fitted up with a handsome bar, chairs and tables, well supplied with papers.

The walls were adorned with pictures, and at the back was a billiard-table, at which two young men were playing billiards.

Sam called for some bitter, and regarded his new ring.

"Isn't it good?" exclaimed Jack, putting down his glass.

"I think it's very pretty," replied Sam.

"Pretty. Who ever heard of beer being called pretty?"

"It was the ring, not the beer," replied Sam, in some confusion.

"O-oh," said Jack, "that's how the wind blows, is it? Sam Sawbones, you're a gone coon. No more, sir, will you grace the lecture-room, for if you are asked to give your opinion of the proper mode of reducing a fracture you will ask your lecturer if his question applies to a broken heart."

"Give us a rest," answered Sam.

"I'd play you a game of billiards, only those fellows have got the table."

"They've had it long enough. I'll challenge that tall one, and play him for the table. How's that?" replied Sam.

"Go it, young one," said Jack.

Sam was a little excited, and he did not stop to consider what the consequences of his act might be.

Going up to the table, he exclaimed—

"I'll play you, sir, whether you and your friend or I and mine have this table for the next hour."

"But we have the right of possession, as you observe," replied the young man.

"I'll admit that, but I've made you a fair offer."

"Play him, Jeff," said his companion.

"I don't mind, though his proposal was somewhat cheeky," answered the person addressed as Jeff. "When two men come in to play a few friendly games of billiards, it's hard they should be interfered with."

"Play him, I say. I'm tired," rejoined his companion.

Sam had taken off his coat, and was chalking his cue.

"How many up?" he asked.

"Fifty."

"Drinks and cigars on the game?"

"As you please."

"Agreed," exclaimed Jeff. "Break the balls."

"I'll bust them for you, and bet you a crown I score," replied Sam.

"No," answered Jeff. "Play your game."

Sam put his left hand on the table, made a bridge, and prepared to strike.

"Hold!" suddenly exclaimed Jeff.

Looking up in surprise, Sam hesitated.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired.

"Simply that I refuse to play with a thief," was the calm reply.

All the blood in Sam's body seemed to rush up to his face.

"I'll allow no one to say that to me!" he exclaimed, "and you must take it back."

"I'm taking nothing back to-day."

"But you don't know me, nor am I aware that I ever saw you before to-day."

"That makes no difference," answered the stranger. "I say you are a thief, and I won't play with you."

Jack Scalpel and the other man looked on in surprise, and did not know how to act.

They could see that there was to be an inevitable quarrel, and how to avoid it they knew not.

Sam had been openly insulted in a public room, and his honour required that he should have satisfaction.

It seemed to be a purposeless insult, too.

Sam saw Jeff's eyes fixed on the ring he wore.

"Why do you look at my ring?" he inquired.

"Because that ring induces me to call you what I have, as I know you could not have come honestly by it."

"That ring was given me an hour ago by a lady."

"You may mean that it was in the lady's possession at that time," said Jeff, with a scornful, sneering laugh.

"I demand an apology," said Sam.

"You will have none from me," was the insolent answer.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" Sam continued, going up to him.

"Neither. Tell me who gave you the ring."

"I do not like to mention a lady's name in a public place, but as the circumstances of the case seem to demand that I should do so, I will tell you that it was presented to me by Miss Lulie Marcell, of Kensington."

"Nonsense! She wouldn't look at you!"

"I swear it, on my honour."

"You're a liar!" said the stranger.

This was more than Sam could bear.

"I'll knock your're ugly head off!" he cried, springing forward.

Jeff endeavoured to strike him with the cue he held in his hand, but Sam was too quick for him, and easily avoided the blow.

Then he dashed at the insolent young stranger, and they met in a fierce encounter, Sam trying to hit his opponent, while the latter appeared anxious to save his face from being disfigured.

Jeff got his arms round Sam, and struggled hard to throw him, but Sam managed to trip him up.

He fell against the table.

In the encounter his shirt was torn down the back, revealing his naked shoulders.

"Hello, I say! What's this?" cried Jack Scalpel. "Let him go, Sam; if he offers to touch you I'll brain him with the butt of a cue."

Sam relinquished his hold, while Jeff retreated to the wall and leant against it, as if anxious to hide his back.

He favoured the assembled company with a black scowl.

"Have you got all the crowd with you?" he asked.

"No," replied Sam. "I want no help."

"How is it," continued Jeff, "that you Baldwin, whom I thought my friend, have turned on me?"

"Ask yourself, my dear fellow," was the answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. Whatever truth there may be in your accusation against this young fellow, about whom I know nothing, you have your name written on your back."

Jeff turned as ghastly pale as a corpse.

"Good God!" he murmured. "Is this fatality ever to haunt me?"

"What has he got on his back?" asked Sam.

"The word 'thief,'" answered Jack Scalpel.

"Just what he's called you, and—"

Sam waited to hear no more.

He sprang forward and dragged the man from the wall, which action was not resisted.

He was as quiet as a lamb now.

All the insolence and pugnacity had been taken out of him.

Sam took one look at the dark coloured letters, and saw his work.

"Jefferson Claygrave!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that is my name," was the faint reply;

"and you—you are—"

"Doctor Sawbones's son."

Jefferson Claygrave put on his coat and hat.

In a sullen tone he exclaimed—

"We shall meet again by —!"

Then he walked away, his face burning with shame, and his head hanging down.

Baldwin and Jack Scalpel came to Sam.

"Explain this to us," they said.

"I marked that man," he replied, "and I did it under a mistake."

"He is not a thief?"

"No, he is simply an unfortunate young man, and I am still sorry for having done what I did."

Baldwin, too, left the saloon.

Sam sank into a chair, and was plunged in a deep reverie.

CHAPTER XII.

A WARNING LETTER.

MINDFUL of his promise to Jack that he should dine with him that day, Sam at length roused himself from the apathetic state into which he had fallen, and said:

"Where shall we go?"

Jack left off whistling, and replied;

"Will you leave it to me to provide the banquet?"

"I will."

"Regardless of expense?"

"Certainly," answered Sam, scarcely knowing or caring what answer he gave.

Jack Scalpel was now in his element, for he flattered himself that he knew how to order a dinner—and eat it, too—as well as anybody.

They quitted the tavern, as it was Jack's intention to dine at the Brunswick.

Not often was it that his funds allowed him to indulge in all the luxuries of the season, and it gave him great pleasure to be able to do so on this occasion.

"You'll never be broke, Sam," he remarked, "so long as you have that ring on your finger."

"What do you mean?" asked Sam.

"It would go up for—"

"Do you mean that I am ever likely to be such an unmitigated blackguard—such a mercenary wretch as to pledge it?" interrupted Sam.

"I certainly did intend to convey that impression."

"Then understand, once for all, I would rather ten thousand times part with my life than with that."

"All right, my son; you needn't get on your high horse about it. I have hypothecated many a family relic."

"You have?"

"Yes, sirree. I remember once at home I wanted to go to the circus badly, and dad wouldn't give me any money; grandmother came along to stay with us, and left an expensive set of false teeth for a while in a hand-bowl. I saw them, I seized them, I pawned them, and she was actually obliged to buy the ticket from me before she could eat any dinner."

"I'm afraid you're a hard case," remarked Sam.

"What'd yer sa-ay?" cried Jack.

"You're bad."

"Box 'em up and take 'em away," rejoined Jack. "But taking of hard cases, you're not very soft."

"How?"

"You got a pull on that fellow."

"Which?"

"The one with the literary back. Tell us all about that."

"I can't. It's a long story, and—and—"

"The fact is, you'd rather not. Very well. That settles it. I'll not press you; but I'll tell you what I have an idea of."

"What?" said Sam, who was speaking in monosyllables.

"Mr. Jefferson is no rough. He is accustomed to move in good society."

"Impossible."

"Why should it be so?"

"He! The son of a murderer, a common assassin, who was lynched by a mob, and buried under the tree where he slew his victim."

"Is that the case?"

"As true as I'm standing here."

"It that why you hate him?"

"No. I'll cut the story short. My father has old Claygrave's skeleton in his museum. This young fellow wants his dad's bones. He won't give them up. He came to the house to take them, and I marked his back like that which you saw with a lancet."

"Is he well off?"

"I think his father had property. He's been brought up by a relative, and the money has been accumulating during his minority."

"Well, you can bet your last bob that Mr. Claygrave, junior, is acquainted with Miss Lulie Marcell."

"Most unlikely. Prove it," said Sam.

"If he wasn't well known to her, and she to him, how could he have recognised her ring on your finger?"

This was conclusive.

Sam remained silent.

"And another thing," continued Jack Scalpel, "he's after Miss Lulie and her million of money, or my name's Tom Collins."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it. Didn't he flare up directly he saw the ring? That was jealousy. Go in, my boy, and cut him out."

They were passing a gunsmith's shop.

"Hold on, won't you, please?" said Sam. "I'll be back in a moment."

He went into the shop, and returned in about two minutes.

"What have you been doing?" inquired Jack.

"Buying a Colt's."

"Eh? What do you want with a shooter?"

"Jeff Claygrave has threatened me more than once. I apprehend danger from him, and I'm not going to let him shoot me down like a dog, without my having some show for my life," replied Sam.

"Nor do I blame you; but be careful."

"Oh! I'll only act in self-defence."

They now reached the restaurant, took a table to themselves, and Jack exercised his peculiar gastronomic talent by ordering what he called "a bang up little feed," which was flanked by a bottle of hock, and one of St. Julien.

Sam enjoyed the dinner, but when the bill was paid he found that he had very little money left, and realised the fact that riches make unto themselves wings to fly away.

"Now we'll go home and have a quiet smoke," said Jack. "Some of the gang are sure to drop in."

When they reached Mrs. Manhug's boarding-house, they met that lady in the hall, and her manner was more subdued than it had been on a former occasion.

She condescended to say good-day to Jack, and inquire after his health.

"I'm only middling," he replied. "Anxiety, worry of mind on account of insufficiency of income, to meet current expenditures, and a sort of nervousness arising from over-study, all combine to break down a once vigorous constitution, and make me bald before my time."

"Dear me, and you a doctor," she said.

"Not full-fledged. Only a sacking one at present. Is there any one up-stairs in my room?"

"Yes. Pat and Flew have been there all the afternoon."

"I beg, ma'am," replied Jack, "that when you have occasion to speak of my friends, you will be a little more respectful."

"In what way?"

"Call them by their proper names, if you please."

Mrs. Manhug muttered something about people being stuck up.

"Did you hear her?" whispered Jack.

"Yes," replied Sam.

"I'll settle her for that. Listen."

Raising his voice, he exclaimed—

"Mrs. Manhug, I have much pleasure in informing you that I have been appointed public vaccinator for this ward."

"I hear there's small-pox about," she answered.

"Yes, and the Commissioners have issued an order for compulsory vaccination. You will please attend upon me in my rooms at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, with your husband."

"But I don't want to be vaccinated."

"I don't care what you want. Do you refuse?"

"I—I—ye-es—that is, not exactly."

"The fine is heavy. Take your choice."
 "Can't you let me off, then? I've been a friend to you," pleaded Mrs. Manbug.
 "Yes, you have," he replied, under his voice.
 "Oh! do settle this thing for me, Mr. Scalpel, like a good dear gentleman, and I'm sure I won't trouble you for board if it was six months."

"Can't do it."
 "I'd hate to be vaccinated. I'm sure I'd come out all over spots."

"The ordinance must be respected. That's all I can say," replied Jack Scalpel.

He put an end to further conversation by running up-stairs, closely followed by Sam, who asked him if he really meant to carry out the joke.

"Of course I do. I'll get some vaccine from the house-surgeon, and if I don't give her a lively dose in her right arm it won't be my fault, so help me bob."

"Poor old girl! She'll have to hire help to scratch herself."

"That's what's the matter," replied Jack, throwing open his door and revealing the figures of Moriarty and Flewellyn enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

There was a smell of cooking about the room, and the fragments of fresh herrings were to be seen on the floor.

"I like your cheek," exclaimed Jack. "What means this ancient and fish-like smell?"

"We've been cooking. Give an account of yourself," answered Flewellyn.

"Ma-a-a, you old Welchman," cried Jack.

"Where have you been, Jack?" asked Moriarty.

"Arrab, be aisy now, you Corkonian," said Jack. "Is it to the likes of a dhrity spalpeen that I'd be after tellin' my business?"

"Why, you infernal played-out half-bred squirts," exclaimed Pat. "Bedad, I'll not give yer a drop of the good beer we've got in the pitcher."

"Hark, Sam, at the hard words he's giving me, the blaggard," exclaimed Jack.

Moriarty held out the beer-jug, which he did not disdain to "take the top off," and sitting down he lighted his pipe.

"Say, boys," he exclaimed, "we've had a good old time of it."

"I believe you," replied Flewellyn. "You are the boy to do it. Are you coming to the hospital to-morrow?"

"What's up?" asked Jack.

"You know that new man, Puttywhack?"

"I've seen the genius."

"We're going to have a cocking-main to-morrow afternoon in the dissecting-room, and that a kguard Puttywhack says we interrupt him in his studies, and he says he'll tell the trustees and the whole hospital staff."

"The mean beggar," exclaimed Jack. "What are you going to do about it?"

"We've got the game chickens in coops in the bone-cellar, and when Puttywhack was dissecting a thigh to-day, Pat cut off a bit of flesh from the stiff and gave it to the cocks."

"Good. What did friend Puttywhack say to that?"

"He's going to write to the papers and expose us. Hang him!"

"We'll have to stop this," said Jack Scalpel. "He must be brought to his bearings and made to understand that we're not children. See here, boys, I'm in this. We'll duck him in the bone-hole."

Moriarty and Flewellyn approved highly of this scheme.

The bone-hole was a sort of well in the floor of the dissecting-room, into which bones and flesh from human subjects, after the knife had done with them, were cast.

To be ducked in this filthy, stinking and abhorrent mass was no treat.

Such a punishment was only resorted to by the students in extreme cases.

The offence of which Puttywhack, however, had been guilty, seemed to justify the adoption of extreme measures.

"I think I'll go and write a letter," said Sam.

"That's treason," replied Jack.

"Fine him a gallon of peer, py Jove!" cried Flewellyn.

"Bedad, and he can't break up this symposium to write letters to his girl," said Pat.

When he returned to his room, however, he put his determination into execution, and indited a letter to his father.

He wrote—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You will be pleased to learn that I am much delighted with the life I lead here, and that Professor Oram assures me that I have a good chance of gaining an honorary certificate for proficiency in anatomy, and I have also the satisfaction of informing you, on the same authority, that if I continue to attend the lectures of the various professors as I have begun, I am sure of receiving certificates for very diligent attendance.

"I work very hard, but I have been at some expense for books and after paying a month's board in advance, which I did on a matter of prudence, and I need scarcely tell you that after paying for books and instruments, I am not well off. I have the best work on surgery, materia medica Barnes's midwifery, a standard on chemistry and dislocations, ditto on anatomy, all of which I mean to read through carefully twice, and annotate on the margins. I intend to pay a private demonstrator to go over the bones with me of a night, for I have not yet been to a theatre, nor do I seem to feel any wish for those trivial delights which my gayer companions patronise.

"I think ten pounds will carry me on, if you could kindly let me have it, although I should like to enter a Summer course of dissections, and take some lessons in practical chemistry in the laboratories with Professor Manganese, but there I will endeavour to pay for out of my own pocket, as I do not wish to press heavily on you.

"Ever your affectionate son,
 "SAM SAWBONES."

He did not know that he had left his door open, and that Jack Scalpel, who had stolen in on him on tiptoe, was looking over his shoulder.

"That's your style, my boy!" he exclaimed, as Sam concluded by fixing his signature to this unique epistle.

"Have you read it?" asked Sam.

"I took that liberty."

"Wonder I did not hear you."

"No wonder at all," replied Jack. "You were so much engaged in the agonies of composition that you could not notice me."

"Will it do?"

"Jolly. You will be a great man one of these days. I couldn't have done it better myself, and that's paying you a high compliment, for I'm an original genius, and have had more practice in that style of letter-writing than you have."

"Indeed."

"Yes. My dad suggested to me that I should throw up the profession and embrace that of a begging letter-writer."

"Rather rough."

"It disgusted me, and he has never had any news from me since, bad, good, or indifferent. Will you smoke another pipe?"

"No thank you."

"Well, you can sleep easy on that letter. It'll fetch the old man and bring tears into his eyes, while your mother will weep in concert to think what a good boy she has."

"It seems a shame to deceive one's folks."

"Not at all. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise."

"But it's not straightforward, and I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been so confoundedly hard up."

"Necessity has no law," replied Jack.

"Have Flew and Pat gone?" asked Sam.

"Gone under."

"Where?"

"The table. Too much beer. It's N. G. with some fellows."

"You stand it well."

"Rather, but I've got some left. Wait till I bring you in a glass."

"Not for me. I mean to work to-morrow."

"I'll drink your share, then," answered Jack.

"For I started this week on a drunk, and I mean to keep it up to the end. So here's all the hair off your head, and good-night."

With this valediction, the lighted-hearted Jack Scalpel went off, leaving Sam to lay his weary head on the pillow, and think over the various exciting events of the day which had just passed.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 423.)

GREAT SCHOOLS:

WHO FOUNDED THEM; THEIR USES AND BENEFITS; AND THEIR GENERAL HISTORY.

By the Author of "How to Make your Fortune."

IX.—MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

THE Great School which forms the subject of our present article differs from those of which we have already given an account, in that it boasts neither ancient foundation nor long and brilliant history.

Founded in 1843, as a school chiefly for the education of the sons of the clergy, the council of management, two years afterwards, petitioned the Queen to grant them a charter of incorporation, in order that the school might be constituted a college.

The petition was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury (in whose diocese the college is) and the Earl of Eldon, and was duly granted by letters patent, dated 21st August, 1845. The following is a brief summary of the constitution as by charter appointed.

The corporation consists of three perpetual governors, viz., the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of the diocese within which the college is locally situate, and their respective successors; and of life governors, viz., all those persons who were life governors when the charter was granted; the Bishop of the Diocese; every Bishop who in future shall contribute £100 or upwards in one sum; and every person who shall in future subscribe £100 or upwards in one sum shall be elected a life governor.

The number of pupils is not to exceed five hundred, of whom at least two-thirds must be sons of clergymen.

No boy is admitted without nomination by a donor to the college of at least £50.

A donor of £50 is only entitled to a single nomination.

A donor of £100 or more is eligible to be a life governor, and then entitled during his life to have always one pupil in the school for each £100 given.

When a pupil is nominated, the total charge per annum, all things included, except books and wearing apparel (no additional charge being made for medical or surgical aid or for washing linen), is—for sons of clergymen, £36; for sons of laymen, £60.

There are only two vacations—Midsummer and Christmas: and no boy is allowed leave of absence during either half-year but on the following conditions—

1. To visit such persons as the friends of pupils signify their wish that their boys should visit.

2. Absence not extending ordinarily beyond sunset, or in summer 6 p.m.

3. Leave must be always written and signed by the master of a boy's form, and the master of his "house," or in special cases obtained from the master.

4. Prefects alone to be absent with verbal leave.

5. No boy permitted to sleep out of college, or to be absent at all during school hours.

And *per contra* pupils are not allowed to remain in college during the vacations.

One of the most excellent bye-laws is one providing that "pupils shall not, on any pretence whatever, order clothes or any other articles on credit, nor contract any debt, on pain of expulsion if, after admonition by the master, either offence shall be repeated."

Many a youth has begun a downward career in life through contracting college debts, thus contracting a habit which is one of the most despicable, and one which is extremely difficult to shake off.

Every boy, on his admission to the college, is committed to the care of such one of the house masters (of whom there are at least three) as his friends may select.

Pupils cannot be admitted unless they can read fluently and write legibly.

Pupils are not to be admitted under nine or above fourteen years; nor to remain after eighteen years of age, unless with the sanction of the Council. A certificate of the age of each

pupil, signed by the parent or guardian, must be sent to the Secretary previously to admission.

Pupils may, for any grave offence, be expelled by the Master, subject to an appeal by their parents or guardians to the Council.

EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES.

Besides prizes of books, in all subjects awarded annually at the midsummer examinations, there are the following special prizes:—

1. The Council grant three exhibitions of the annual value of £40 each, and tenable for three years during residence at any College in Oxford or Cambridge. These are so arranged that one is vacant every year. All exhibitions at these universities (and all others founded by the Council) are open for competition to sons of clergymen and laymen alike.

2. The Rev. Matthew Wilkinson has given two exhibitions, open to general competition, of the annual value of £40, and tenable for three years during residence at any college in Oxford or Cambridge.

3. Additional exhibitions are now provided by a scheme of voluntary contributions, each being of the value of £50 per annum, tenable also for three years, and so arranged that one is vacant every year.

4. The Rev. John Ireland, D.D., Dean of Westminster, gave £1,000, to be invested in 3 per cent. Consols. to found two exhibitions (to be enjoyed while at this school) to be given in equal portions to two sons of clergymen, nominated by the trustees and not exceeding fourteen years of age, who shall pass the best examination in such books as the trustees, with the assistance of the master, shall appoint. The successful candidates are called "Dean Ireland's Exhibitioners."

Of the highest order of charity is that called "anonymous," when some generous individual "does good by stealth," concealing the source from whence the stream of gold flows.

Although Marlborough College is such an infant beside its older compeers among the Great Schools, it has yet been distinguished by a benefaction, in the shape of an exhibition, arising from the interest of £500, "for sons of clergymen of the Church of England who shall have served five years as military chaplains, or as missionaries under the authority of the Church of England, within the limits of the East India Company's charters. The age of the candidate must not exceed 13 years on the 18th of January previous to the election. The exhibition to be tenable "at this College" for two years, and renewable for two years more at the recommendation of the master, regard being had to the improvement and moral conduct of the pupil. The pupil, nevertheless, to be removable by order of the Council.

The Representative in Parliament for the Borough of Marlborough, Lord Ernest Bruce, gives annually a prize of books to the value of ten guineas for the best exercise in such classical composition or other subject as the Council, with the assistance of the master, shall appoint.

The "Plater Prize" of books to the value of five guineas is given annually "for the encouragement of the study of the English language in its purity," for the best ode or poem in heroic verse on such subject as shall be appointed.

We cannot resist the temptation of rescuing from the oblivion of the College Calendar the Plater prize poem, for the year 1852, written by H. P. Darwall, a scholar, whose hard work is testified by the fact that the same year he took in addition the prize for classics and divinity, an exhibition, Mr. Few's prize (£5 in books), and the prize for Greek Lambics.

Those of our readers who aspire to poetry will do well to study the admirable diction and construction of this poem.

PIZARRO.

Accurs'd ambition! by that fearless crime
First fell the angels from their seats sublime,
And thence for ever on the race of man
Has fall'n that crime which first in Heaven

began,
And oft on valour casts a deeper stain
Than ought can hide or aught efface again.
From first to last, thro' ev'ry clime and age,
Lives the foul blot on hist'ry's murky page;
She still records how kingdoms rise and fall,
And man, the monarch, lives the slave of all.

For else, Pizarro, oh! what endless praise
Had crown'd thy brow with everlasting bays,
And long, for foes subdued and kingdoms won,
A grateful land had prais'd her conqu'ring son,
And proudly in the annals of her fame,
First mid the first had ranked thy glorious name.

Alas! It might not be. Some sterner fate
Frown'd on thy birth, and, while she made thee
great—

Warlike and glorious—cast one darker shade
That half destroy'd the work herself had made.
Oh, treacherous fate! She led thee forth to war,
She bade thee spread thy country's power afar—
She watch'd thy steps, what time from Andes' steep

Peal'd thy dread thunder o'er old ocean's deep,
While, in slow answer to the cannon's roar,
Bom'd the far echoes of that silent shore.

Yes, he had come—unknowing and unknown—
Long o'er that stormy sea distress and lone,
All tost and shatter'd by the tempest's force
His lab'ring bark had toil'd her onward course,
While hideous famine, and full many a form
Of hopeless death came borne upon the storm,
And Gallo's isle had seen that hardy band
Waste one by one upon her desert strand,
Want-stricken shadows; while each faintest ray

Of hope long-cherish'd dwindled quite away.
(As since in later times the shrill death-cry
From Patagonian wilds came drearily,
When England's sons upon that barren shore
With patience long the woes of famine bore;
Still dar'd to hope, till life's last breath had flown,

And all was hush'd and desolate and lone.)
But all in vain: unbending as the rock
Which laughs unshaken at the tempest's shock,
He holds his way upon that raging sea,
In stern resolve for death or victory.

He came, he conquer'd. Oh! 'twas nobly done;

With fiery brilliance, as their own bright sun
Scatters the light clouds in that azure sky,
See trembling arm'd from those horsemen fly.
Here stay the tale. Why cloud a dream so fair
With all the woe of impotent despair?
To tell how sadly from each secret dale
Rose the shrill burden of a nation's wail;
When many a weeping mother mour'd her child

To the rough wind in accents strong and wild?
And many a virgin o'er her lover's bier
Heav'd the deep sigh and dropt the useless tear?

Oh! rather sing, how fair the Gospel light
Dawn'd through the gloom of superstition's night,
Burst the dark clouds of ignorance and sin
And bade from Heaven's high throne the day of life begin!

And yet upon that mem'ry lives a stain,
O'er which the lapse of years will pass in vain—
(For what of mortal mould can claim to be
From taint of sin immaculate and free?)
Which still through course of time to come shall tell

By what sad fate Atahualpa fell;
Oft in that balmy clime, beneath the shade
Of feath'ry palms and sweet magnolias laid,
With eager zeal th' attentive youth shall hear
His grey-hair'd sire relate those scenes of fear;
How once of old on Oxamalaca's height
In speechless fury raged the unequal fight;
How many a chieftain by his Inca's side
With desp'rate courage fought, and fell—and di'd—

Thick as the golden ears in autumn fields
When the rich "harvest to the sickle yields."
Peruvians still shall grieve the lasting shame,
Which that fell act has cast upon thy name
A broken word, a Spaniard's honour sold,
And justice barter'd for the love of gold.
E'en so before, the Aztec monarch died,
Reft of his power, and humbled in his pride,
When crafty Cortes bade the murderous blow—
The last sad loss of falling Mexico.
At that foul deed her drooping spirit rose;
With frantic rage she seeks her guilty foes,
As some fierce lioness in grim despair,
When the wild hunter spoils her secret lair,

Turns on the robber with her latest breath
And still, though wounded, combats to the death.

See, like the storm, or thunder from afar,
Down Andes' gorges rolls the tide of war.
Now falls the wealth of Cuzco's glittering shrine,
Rich with the ore of many a costly mine;
And proudly waving o'er the reeking plain
Floats the dread standard of imperial Spain:
While, from its utmost bound, the vanquish'd land

Owens the high prowess of Pizarro's hand.

A little while, and on that dismal scene,
Yet once again all lovely and serene
Fair Nature smiles, as ever after showers
With brighter verdure gleam the vernal bowers.
See Lima rise, Queen of the Western Sea,
The first faint germ of kingdoms yet to be;
There, all that earth can lend, or heaven bestow
To grace th' abode of mortal men below,
Smiles as she rises on that lovely shore
To bless her founder's name for evermore:
To teach that heaven the stern destroyer sends,
And shapes his actions to its own high ends.

And yet, what fate was his? No peaceful grave
Welcomes to rest the victor of the wave.
There, where so oft himself had led the van,
When war's fell rage and fiery strife began,
Still 'mid the clash of arms and shriek of death,

The murder'd victor gasps his dying breath.
And oft shall Lima's sons the tale record
How fell their leader by the assassin's sword,
How, still surviving, wounded and alone,
He saw around his well-loved comrades strown;
Dealt one last blow to avenge a brother's fate,
Glanc'd one last look of never-dying hate;
Then faint and bleeding fell—and o'er his sight,

Closed the dark shades of everlasting night.
Yea, he is fall'n—the mighty one is gone,
And yet no wail is heard—no piteous moan
Swells o'er the tomb in mournful symphony,
The last sad dirge of lost mortality.

But still for ever through the course of time,
A mingled tale of valour—fame—and crime,
From age to age shall aye be handed down,
The glorious story of that old renown.
Still Spain shall boast, with melancholy pride,
Pizarro's conquest, and the o'erwhelming tide
Which once victorious, at their leader's word,
Her soldier-sons through Quito's valleys poured,
Till on her empire ne'er the light of day,
Or dawn'd anew, or faded quite away.

And thou, Peru! what changes now are thine!

Still countless treasure yields the secret mine;
Still as of old ere war's dread strife began,
In still, slow currents rolls the life of man;
And hark! again there swells the battle-cry—
The glorious cry—"Peru and Liberty!"
Captive no more, she bursts the tyrant's chains,
Free as the wind she treads her native plains;
Now taught to bless the fate she curs'd before,
That brought glad tidings to that lovely shore!

There are one or two other similar prizes, and finally "Another person who wishes to be unknown" has given £100, of which "the interest is to be laid out in a work on natural history, and given to such boy as shall, in the judgment of the master, write the best essay "against cruelty to the inferior animals."

Thus boys at Marlborough College have plenty of inducements held out to them to apply themselves attentively and diligently to those studies of which they are sure to reap a still further benefit in after years.

We have already, in our article on Winchester College, mentioned the prowess of the Marlborough boys at Wimbledon.

HAMLET had been in youth, like all truly good and great men, a writer for the Press. He tells Horatio:

"I once did hold it as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning."

A PHYSICIAN, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

THE LAKE OF LIGHT:

OR THE

SEARCH FOR THE DIAMOND MOUNT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE WITCH'S HUT.

"FOLLOW me," said a voice, which seemed to come from the mule.

"Hillo!" cried Jack, looking down at the mule's nose, "who are you?"

This last question was addressed to a little dwarf who stood beneath the mule's nose.

The little creature was about two feet and a half high, with broad shoulders, long muscular arms, which touched the ankles of his little bandy legs, and a stomach as protruding as Falstaff's.

He was hideously ugly, and as black as coal.

"I am Nombate, the servant of the Black Witch; she sent me to you."

Jack looked down at this hideous little fellow, who was dressed in the usual style of a few wild cats, tails and monkeys' skins ingeniously fastened together, and wondered if the little monster was real or not.

"But how did she know I was coming?" demanded Jack, after a pause.

"The great Black Witch knows everything," replied Nombate.

"Indeed! what a lady for puzzling the Civil Service Examiners? Who are the people who are making that terrible noise up yonder?" demanded our hero, laughing.

"They are not people," replied the dwarf, curiously.

"Who are they, then, or perhaps I ought to say, what are they?"

"Devils—spirits—spectres—ghosts!" was the startling answer of the little monster.

"My young friend," said Jack, gently, "I do not wish to say anything rude; but I don't believe in ghosts."

"No?" replied the dwarf.

"No; of ghosts such as you mention I have no belief at all."

"Wait," was the only reply the little monster made at this.

They passed on for some yards in silence; then the dwarf halted.

"Look!" he said, pointing to a mound of earth about six feet long and two broad.

"That mound you mean," said Jack; "well, I see it; what of that?"

"Grave. Dead man's grave!" called out the little fiend.

"That is more unpleasant than extraordinary," said Jack, coolly.

The dwarf ran up to the mound and smote it three or four times with his naked foot.

Scarcely had he done so when a bluish thin flame rose up from the earth.

It flickered about for a few seconds and then vanished.

"You saw that?" demanded the little fellow, returning to Jack.

"Yes," said our hero, shuddering in spite of himself, "I saw it."

"That ghost," said the dwarf, and recommenced his march as if nothing had happened.

"Can such things really be?" thought Jack, as they turned up the path.

"They can," replied the dwarf, who seemed to be able to read Jack's thoughts.

This last proof of the dwarf's magical powers considerably startled our hero.

"The little brat has some power," he thought, and then added aloud—

"Do you mean to tell me that the living can command the dead?"

"Some living can command some dead," was the answer.

"You evidently could command the spirit of the man whose grave we just passed."

"Yes; he was very wicked—loved blood, his spirit is chained to the earth."

"So you can rule him?"

"You saw," replied the dwarf, sharply, and hurried on, evidently determined to end the conversation.

They now reached another platform, on which Jack perceived a rude hut.

The noises had ceased, and all was still as the grave.

"Dismount," said Nombate, in a sharp authoritative tone.

Jack thought it best to obey, and so leaped to the ground at once.

"That is the door. Knock three times. I will look after your mule."

Jack advanced to the door, but before he knocked he listened to the chant of the witch.

"The corpse fire dances above the grave,
The ghosts of the drowned dance over the wave,
The poisonous cobra creeps through the grass,
The scorpion crawls on the hard mountain pass;
From each one and all I have gathered a spell,
With which Zauzimambi's pale ghost I compel,
To leave his dark home in the festering grave,
And bend to my will—my bondsman—my slave."

"Hush!

There stands at my portal,
A brave-hearted mortal,
Desiring my power and knowledge to prove.
So fearlessly knock,
Back bolt and back lock,
Door open to him, for boldness I love."

"So, so," thought Jack; "at all events that sounds friendly enough; and as she likes boldness she shall have it."

He raised the hilt of his sword, and struck three times on the door.

At the third stroke the door flew open, and Jack stood in the witch's presence.

For a few moments Jack could scarcely distinguish anything, for the place was filled with fetid smoke.

But this cleared off at last, and he was able to gaze around him.

The walls of the hut were hung round with the skins of snakes and wild animals.

Huge bats hung suspended from the roof; lizards, and other reptiles crawled round the floor, which was made of some kind of plaster inlaid with human bones.

In the centre of the room was a small brazier filled with coals which burned brightly, casting a lurid light around, by which Jack was able to see that what he had taken at first as a cornice running round the walls of the ceiling was really a row of human skulls nailed there.

Round the fire was a circle of skulls and crossbones, and by these stood the witch.

Jack had expected to see a withered crone such as we called witches, but the Black Witch was a tall, handsomely proportioned woman of about thirty, with a beautiful, commanding face, and eyes which sparkled with wild fire, making our hero come to the conclusion that she was mad.

Her body was as black as ebony, and the skin so smooth and polished that it glistened.

Over her shoulders was the skin of a lion, and round her loins was girded a short petticoat of wild-cat skins.

On her wrists and ankles were large bangles of gold, with pieces of the same precious metal attached loosely, so that they jingled as she walked or moved her arms.

On her head she wore the skull of some animal so as to form a kind of helmet.

This again was surmounted by a crown of feathers, and Jack, to his horror, beheld the head of a Cobra di Capello, the most poisonous snake known.

At first he thought the creature was dead; but it raised its head and fixed its evil eyes upon him, and then writhed its body into one of the eye sockets of the skull, and evidently took up a comfortable place upon the top of its mistress's head.

"It is well. The snake likes you," said the witch; "had he struck out at you, our meeting would have ended—we should have been enemies. Now what is your desire?"

"I have come to you from the Eagle Rock,"

commenced Jack, but the witch interrupted him with a shrill laugh.

"Ha, ha," she exclaimed, "the eagle has lost his eyes and is at the mercy of the hawk."

"Strange woman," cried Jack; "how do you know all this?"

"My dark messengers bring me all the news. The spirits of the air seek me out and tell me all. Aye, and they read the dark thoughts which bubble up in men's inmost souls, but are crushed and kept back before they reach the lips."

"If that be the case, what need have you to ask me what I would desire? You must know it."

"You would know if Hassan Al Ferez will conquer and cast back your expedition?"

"I would!"

"You would learn if there be not some way of ridding the world of such a creature?"

"That, indeed, I would gladly learn, for I would fain do such a good work."

"You are eager for the blood of your foe. I blame you not—it is nature. Each creature loves to kill."

Jack was startled by the horrible truism of this speech.

"Nay, I do not hunger to kill any but those who work evil," he said.

"Add those who work evil only wish to slay those who work good," she replied.

"Perhaps you are right," said Jack; "but I am not here to argue. Can you tell me this?"

"Stay, you would yet wish to know more. You would learn where is the Lake of Light and the Diamond Mount?"

"I would; and also if we shall be able to reach them."

"Have you courage to go through a terrible ordeal?"

"Try me—you shall not find me shrink from it," replied Jack, boldly.

"Good! stand over there," said the witch, pointing to a place inside the ring of grinning skulls.

Our hero advanced boldly, and took up his place on the spot pointed out to him.

Then the witch began a slow, monotonous chant, waving her hands and arms about.

Then she began to swing her body backwards and forwards in time to the music.

As the chant became louder and faster, her action became more and more frantic, until the convulsions of her body were awful. She bent forward until her forehead nearly reached her knees.

Then with a jerk she bent her body backward, until the crown of her head nearly touched the earth.

After that she swayed her body from side to side, and twirled her head about until the white foam flew from her lips, and her eyes glared with the fierce fire of frenzy.

"He comes! he comes!" she yelled; "the terrible fiend of the Djehil Kumsi comes!"

Seizing a human skull that was near her, she held it up by a thong of leather which was attached to the top of the cranium, so that it hung down like a hideous bell.

On this she beat with all her might, using a thigh-bone for clapper.

Suddenly the fire burned a rich purple, sending forth different coloured sparks.

Then the hideous charivari we have already mentioned began again.

The bats dropped from the ceiling, and flitted through the murky air.

One huge creature fluttered to the witch, and clung to her breasts as if sucking there.

Now the witch commenced a most fantastic and furious sort of dance.

She bounded high up in air, twirled her body about, and then came down on her feet.

Over the fire, round the fire, and sometimes it seemed to Jack that she went into the fire. But nothing seemed to hurt her only she never went outside of the circle of skulls.

The hut was now filled with a dense smoke, through which now and then shot flashes of lurid light.

In this dense cloud Jack now and then saw pale and black faces pressing forward as if in anger, and desirous to get to the witch and him. But they all seemed unable to cross the charmed circle, and were swept back into the smoke and disappeared.

High above the other din came a fearful roar.

Then the smoke parted slowly so as to form a kind of passage with a wall on each side.

Down this passage stalked a hideous creature, half human, half gorilla.

This terrible creature advanced to the circle and raised his foot as if to cross it.

But he could not, and with a roar of rage he marched slowly round the charmed circle seeking for some break in it so that he might enter.

All this time the witch was chanting the terrible spells, and in spite of the awful sights around, Jack wondered however she could keep up the fearful dance so long.

The perspiration rolled from her body, the foam flew in white flocks from her lips, and her blood-shot eyes seemed starting from her head.

The monster finding no break in the circle at first gave vent to his rage in bounds nearly resembling those of the witch, but at last he uttered another yell, and then the discordant noises began to cease, the witch's bounds grew less and less furious, and her song died away upon her lips until at last she sank exhausted on the ground.

Then the terrible spirit rose itself up to its full height, and cried—

"Thou hast called me from the spirit-world. I have come at thy bidding. What wouldst thou with me?"

"Great spirit, I would know if the arch-wizard, Hassan al Perez, still lives."

"He lives, and always will live until the Diamond Mount is found."

"And if it be found, what will happen?" inquired the Black Witch.

"Then the Lake of Light shall seize its own. Life and light are nearly the same; life is light, death is dispersing of darkness. Wouldst thou know more?"

"I would know if Beppo bears a charmed life?"

"No man can kill him. The hand that brings him death must love him. When that hand tries to shield him it shall bring him death."

"I do not understand you," said the witch; "speak plainer."

"I cannot. We spirits but read the future as through a mist."

"Will he be killed?" demanded the witch.

"I see the shadow of death now over him. A slight thing will bring it over him."

"Whose hand shall work the deed?" demanded the witch.

"I know not. Do I not tell you that we look through a mist? All I can see is that no man shall strike the blow to bring him to the grave."

"No man!" exclaimed Jack, in surprise.

The monster uttered a roar, and glared at our hero.

"Silence!" hissed the witch; "have you a charm to guard you against evil that you dare speak to this fearful spirit? Silence, and let me ask the questions."

Jack bowed to the Black Witch's mandate, and was silent.

"Then the hand of a woman must slay this Beppo!" she cried.

"It must be so. Dismiss me!" replied the spirit.

"Go!" rejoined the witch.

A brilliant flash of light, and the terrible phantom had gone.

Jack made a movement as if he would have left the circle, but the witch stopped him.

"One step over that and you die," she exclaimed, pointing to the skulls. Know you not that the spirits are still here? They are invisible, but all powerful. I will call the other spirit—one of good. Oh! it is terrible. Evil spirits are things to shudder at, but the spirit of true goodness is more awful to us, because we are so distant from it."

The witch once more began her incantations, but this time they were of a far more quiet nature.

She began in a low voice to hum a kind of tune, which seemed to call all the creatures to her.

Hideous snakes crept into the magic circle, and made their way to the witch.

The bats dropped from the roof and clung round the witch, and a scorpion crept to her, and lay at her feet.

Then the witch, in a loud voice, sung the following chant:—

"When the world was young and the flowers' first birth

Came with a fragrance—the breath of the earth,

When the sun first shone o'er fields and o'er wood,

One spirit but reigned—'twas the Spirit of Good.

But man in his pride waxed strong, and his breath

Created the spirits of Evil and Death.

Base thoughts in his mind, false thoughts in his heart,

Made the Spirit of Good from mankind depart.

But a time came at last, in Evil's great reign,

When the Spirit of Good, 'midst sickness and pain,

Came down to the world, bringing blessings again.

Sweet Spirit of Good, come now, I implore!

And show us the book of the great hidden lore.

The Spirits of Evil, which we did create,

Know little of man's great ultimate fate.

With Spirits of Evil we still have our way—

To the Spirit of Good we only can pray.

No one can bind thee,

No one can blind thee,

Greatest of powers—giver of bliss.

Come like a light—

Dispelling night.

Kiss as the sun the sweet flower's kiss."

As she finished the chant, a sweet gush of melody filled the hut, and immediately a cloud of golden light stood before the witch, who shaded her eyes as if unable to bear the glare of the light.

As the music ceased there came a sweet low voice which appeared to proceed from the cloud.

"I have heard your prayer and have answered it. What would you with me?"

"We would know if the Diamond Mount in the Lake of Light will ever be found?" said the witch.

"It will be found," replied the spirit. "A bold heart and a firm hand shall guide the way; but only the truly pure will ever cross the lake and reach the mount."

"Shall I ever reach the Lake of Light?" cried Jack, forgetting the witch's command.

"You may. But hasten back to your friends. Take not the same track by which you came; but pass through the forest you will see on your right. Be bold, be resolute, and all may yet be well. Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

Slowly the bright cloud faded away, and when it was gone our hero perceived that the Black Witch was stretched on the ground in a fit.

Here limbs were twisted, her hands clenched, her face convulsed, and foam flew from her lips.

He knelt by her side, and raising her head upon his arm wiped the froth from her lips.

"You can go," croaked a voice by his side. "I will take care of her."

Jack looked up and beheld the deformed slave Nombate standing by him.

"Is she subject to these fits?" inquired Jack, as he resigned his charge to the dwarf.

"Only when she has been conversing with the most powerful spirits. Now, go."

"Can I not be of some further help to you?" inquired Jack.

"No. You will find your mule at the door. Now go, or harm may befall thee."

Jack saw that the little monster wished to be left alone with his mistress, and, wisely conjecturing that doubtless Nombate knew how to treat her much better than any one else would, our hero took his departure; but before doing so he offered the dwarf some gold.

"Put up thy gold," cried the little man, fiercely. "We sell not our charms or spells. Go!"

Finding it useless to press the money, Jack left the hut, and finding his mule ready for him, as Nombate had said, he mounted the beast, and rode down to meet his guides.

He found the fellows stretched by the side of their mules, fast asleep.

Shaking them roughly, he bade them mount at once, and placing himself at their head, rode quickly down the narrow path until he came to a plain, on the right of which he perceived a thick forest.

Reining in his mule, he demanded of his followers whether there was not a way through the wood.

"Cospetto!" growled one, "there is a path, but it is not a safe way."

"And why is it not a safe way?" demanded our hero, sharply.

"Because of the wild animals and the still wilder men."

"Tut!" laughed our hero, as he touched his pistols; "these are not the things to frighten us."

"Aye, but there is a band of fierce men in that forest who spare no one on whom they once lay hands. Oh, they are terrible monsters! They do say—with what truth I know not—that Beppo was friendly to them. Certain it is that they would permit him to pass through the forest unarmed, but no one else ever passed that way."

"Then it is time some one else did pass that way," laughed Jack; "so come on my brave fellows, and I will lead you through this forest in spite of these terrible marauders."

"Surely you would not be so rash," cried the two fellows, drawing back.

"I tell you that I have good reasons for going through that wood," said Jack.

"Then by the body of Bacchus you may go alone," cried one.

"Pardon me," replied Jack, gently, producing a pistol, "I shall not go alone. You will go with me or I shall blow out your brains. Do not attempt to play me false. I am your captain for the time being, and I will have obedience. Come, lead the way to the forest path."

The men looked at each other and then at Jack Bull.

They saw by his face that they had not the slightest hope of moving him from his resolution, and that to attempt open disobedience would but insure instant death.

Muttering many curses upon our hero, the two fellows rode slowly to the forest, keeping about one mule's length in advance of Jack.

It was indeed a dark and gloomy place.

The grey light of the morning, which was now breaking, could not penetrate through the thick foliage of the trees. The tree frogs kept up a continuous croaking, and now and then the rustle amongst the underwood told the lurking of some deadly snake.

They had ridden on in this way for some time when suddenly the men paused and made a sign for our hero to do the same.

Jack dismounted from his mule and crept up to them.

"What is it?" demanded Jack, in a low whisper.

The men made no answer, but pointed down into a hollow.

At the bottom of this hollow some men were seated round a fire, drinking and smoking.

They were rough-looking fellows, clad in the skins of wild animals, and armed with long hunting-knives and rifles.

"They are the wild huntsmen," whispered Jack's terrified attendants. "If they see us we are lost. We had better retrace our steps as soon as we can. Come, senior, let us go."

"Cowardly dogs," replied Jack; "make one attempt to fly and I will shoot you myself."

"What would you have us do, senior?" demanded the men.

"Dismount from your mules and fasten them to a tree."

Grumblingly the men obeyed this order.

"Now," said Jack, "follow me, and do as I tell you. Obey me in everything, and these rascals shall find that it is not so easy to have it all their own way."

Cautiously Jack and his followers crept from tree to tree down the hollow, until they were within twenty paces of the wild huntsmen, who were perfectly ignorant of their presence.

Here Jack signed for them to halt, and to watch what passed.

Bound to a tree so that he could not move was a naked man, his head bent down upon his breast.

So motionless was he that at first Jack believed him to be dead, but he soon knew better.



JUANITA WAS ON THE GROUND, AND ONE OF THE RUFFIANS KNELT UPON HER, HOLDING A KNIFE READY TO STRIKE.

Taking up a lighted brand, one of the ruffians placed it on the naked man's side.

The poor fellow uttered a hollow groan, and raised his head, and then Jack recognised Beppo's features.

"So," laughed the ruffian with the brand, "you came amongst us to seek relief. You, a blind wretch, expect that we should feed and clothe you just because you know our secrets. Ha, ha, ha, think you should have such trust in the wild huntsmen! It is remarkable."

The rest of the band took up the chorons of laughter.

"You have our secret. You know that all our treasure is hidden in a cave in the centre of this forest, and that the cave can only be reached from this hollow. You also know that the entrance to this cave is through that hollow tree." Here the wretch pointed to the tree. "All this you know. But what is the use of it to you now? You are our slave—our prisoner."

At each word the cruel monster struck Beppo with the burning brand.

"You have had a long reign of cruelty," he continued; "now we shall see how you like it."

"Kill me! In mercy, kill me!" groaned the miserable Beppo.

"Kill you? Not I. No; you shall serve us for many a day's sport, yet. Besides, Beppo, you bear a charmed life. You are the favourite of Hassan al Ferez; but he will not try to protect you now. He warned you that there was danger amongst these people, and still you did not take care. Your love for the white woman was your ruin. Hassan never forgives an injury, so do not look to him for help."

"Brute! devil! fiend!" yelled Beppo, mad with rage and agony.

"Nay, and you speak thus, I must correct you. Learn manners, slave."

As he spoke he held the flaming brand to Beppo's side, making the skin scorch and crack.

"Mercy, mercy!" yelled Beppo. "Will no kind hand put me out of my misery?"

The loud report of a rifle rang through the forest, and the Wild Hunter dropped the flaming brand, and fell dead on the ground.

The next moment Juanita had sprung into the

hollow, and, rushing up to Beppo, commenced cutting his bonds.

Quick as lightning, before anyone could stay her, she had freed Beppo; but he fell heavily to the ground.

The shot which had killed the wild huntsman, had also pierced Beppo's heart, and so the spirits words came true. Beppo had fallen by the hand that loved him.

No sooner did the poor girl perceive this than she uttered a loud cry of misery, and cast herself upon the dead body of her lover.

Overcome with the sad sight, Jack covered his eyes with his hand for a few minutes.

When he looked up again the scene had changed.

Juanita was on the ground, and one of the ruffians knelt upon her, ready to strike.

Crouching down behind a thick bush Jack took deliberate aim at the fellow, and the moment the knife was about to descend, fired.

With a wild yell the fellow leaped to his feet, staggered back a few paces, and then fell dead.

To Jack's disgust, no sooner had he fired than his attendants turned and fled.

Strange as it may appear, their cowardice saved his life, for the huntsmen, seeing the slaves run, at once imagined that one of them had fired the pistol, and at once set off in pursuit, leaving Juanita stretched on the ground.

It was but the work of a moment to dash down into the hollow, seize Juanita, throw her over his shoulder, and bear her away in the opposite direction from that the wild huntsmen had taken.

Onward rushed Jack with his insensible burden, until he had to pause for breath.

He laid her gently down on a mossy bank and chafing her hands did all he could to restore her.

At last she heaved a deep sigh and opened her large, lustrous eyes.

For a moment she stared wildly round, evidently not being able to recall what had happened, but she soon did remember all, and a gush of tears showed her deep grief.

"Strange that a man with such a fiend-like nature should be so loved," thought Jack.

With gentle words he soothed the poor girl's grief, and urged upon her the necessity of escaping from the wood as soon as possible.

Drying her eyes, she rose slowly to her feet.

"I am ready to guide you from the wood," she said. "I alone, of all Beppo's band, knew his secret. He helped these men who have so cruelly used him. He held them in his power, and they knelt at his feet; but now they have killed him. He was blind, helpless, and the cowards put him to the torture. Come! I will lead Henrico and Pedro Velasquez to these men. They shall destroy this nest of scorpions. They shall fight. What matters it to me who gains? They will kill one another. Both sides were traitors to Beppo, and both may fight and die. Revenge shall be mine. Come, come."

Swiftly she led the way through the dense forest, followed closely by Jack.

They were passing a beautiful glade when Jack beheld what he took for a heap of green leaves, with a most beautiful lily at the top.

Thinking it would please Gianhare, he stooped to pick it, but Juanita thrust him back.

"Know you what you would do," she cried, "it will kill you if you touch it."

"What! is that beautiful flower so poisonous?" exclaimed Jack, in surprise.

"That is no flower," replied Juanita; "that is a deadly reptile. See, behold that hare; he will go and try to nibble those leaves. He will be killed. The lily snake has attracted him. He cannot resist the sweet odour, and will be devoured."

The hare ran up to the creature, and began biting at the leaves.

Suddenly the flower bent over, its bell-like lips caught poor pussy, and the next moment the hare had disappeared.

Then the serpent, for it was a snake, uncoiled its body which was covered over with green scales exactly resembling leaves, and glided swiftly into the brake.

"This forest is full of deadly reptiles," laughed Juanita, "but none so venomous as man."

Jack looked at the poor girl and saw she was half mad.

"Should I trust her as my guide," he thought; "I must? I have no choice in the matter. I do not think she would betray me; but I will be on my guard."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 417.)



ANDY O'BYRNE WAS, AS USUAL, FULL OF JOLLITY.

SHADRACH O'CONNOR, THE BRAVE IRISH BOY.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SMUGGLERS CAPTURED.—DEATH OF STEPHEN.

"Do you hear me?" repeated Captain Carpenter, loudly and angrily, turning towards the secret passage, in which he concluded the smugglers were hid.

"Do you hear me?"

Still no response.

"Sure, it's clane away they've got, yer honour, I belave," put in our hero, who was almost beside himself with grief at Stephen's disappearance. "And, faith, I'd have given half a loifettime to have seen the ugly thaves caught that murdered Stephen—for it's murdered he is, I'm thinkin'!"

Captain Carpenter turned to him.

"Wait a moment, my lad," he replied; "perhaps you'll have that pleasure."

Saying which, he put the torch in the midst of the broken barrels and tarpaulin, which instantly burst into a flame.

Naturally, every one was full of impatience to see what the result would be.

They were not kept long in suspense.

The moment the smoke began to penetrate the passage, howls of rage were heard, and instantly afterwards Beverley, followed by some dozen smugglers, rushed up the steps.

Captain Carpenter and his men were ready for them, however.

Instead of letting go of the rock, as they

might have done, and so suffocating the smugglers, they seized them one by one as they got to the top, and quickly disarmed them.

Beverley himself, who, as I have said, was the first to rush from his hiding-place, was secured in this way, but not before a short but desperate struggle between him and Captain Carpenter had taken place.

"Heaven curse you all!" the smuggler captain hissed, as the sword he carried was dashed to the ground by Malcolm, the Scotch boatman, just as he was on the point of plunging it into the head-constable's breast. "Heaven curse every one of you! So, so—my time is up, is it? Ha, ha, ha! Well, well—so be it. My life has been, if a short, a right merry one. Ha, ha, ha!"

He seemed a very maniac in his words and actions, so great was his rage and vexation at being made prisoner.

Shadrach actually danced with delight when he saw all the villains secured.

"Begorra," exclaimed he, "this is a foine night's work. Ivry wan ov thim will be hanged by the neck till they're dead as a doornail, or the piper that played before Moses!"

Beverley turned upon him fiercely.

"Whelp!" he ejaculated, with a sudden wrench, trying to set himself free from two policemen who were holding him, "if I'd only my hands free, I'd strangle you. Curse you, I say!"

"Bad cuss to yerself, ye dhirty blackguard!" responded our plucky hero, glaring at him defiantly. "Didn't I tell ye, now, I'd serve ye out?"

Beverley had no opportunity of replying to this taunt, for he was dragged away.

Solemnly, yet triumphantly, the captain and the others picked their steps with their prisoners down the entrance to the cave.

As they approached the outlet, a horrible sight met their view.

Quite a dozen smugglers were lying on the ground stiff in death.

Others, who were only wounded, were tended as if they had been friends.

The constabulary had also suffered many losses. There was one of them with his brains dashed out—evidently by the butt of a musket.

There was another with the blood still oozing from the death-wound he had received in the breast. There was a third still clutching his sword, though he would never rise more.

But where was Stephen?

Shadrach looked for him in vain.

"Sure, it's not hurt he is, ather all," he muttered.

But scarcely had he said the words than a loud cry came from him.

"Ochone—ochone!" wailed he, rushing forward and throwing up his hands.

The reason of our hero Shadrach's cry of alarm was at once obvious.

In one corner of the entrance of the cave lay his friend, Stephen.

Lay, too, perfectly motionless, and pale as death.

But was he really dead?

That was the question that flew to our hero's lips.

He did not give expression to it, though. The words would not come.

With another long wail—"Ochone, ochone!"—he stooped down beside the poor lad, and lifted his head upon his knee.

Pityingly, some of the constabulary had crowded round.

"Is it dead he is?" asked one of them, quickly.

Without answering, Shadrach gazed anxiously in Stephen's white face.

Though the poor lad's eyes were open, he made no sign of recognition.

"Spake to me—spake to me, aron!" cried our hero, tearfully.

But the exhortation passed unheeded.

"The puir wee soul'll no spake ony mair, my laddie," put in Malcolm. "He's been ta'en awa' t' a better laun."

Though uttered kindly, the words caused a sharp pain to rush to our hero's heart.

"No—no," he exclaimed, excitedly. "Sure ye didn't mane that! I'll nivir believe it—nivir!"

And with trembling hands he gently shook the apparently dead body of his friend.

"Spake to me—spake to me!" again wailed he, in a tone so full of agony that it touched the hearts of the strong men around. "Spake to me!"

Stephen's eyes, which were seemingly fixed in death, now moved slightly, and a tremor passed through his form.

For a moment he gazed in our hero's eyes, fixedly.

Then a faint smile—a smile of intense regret—came into his face.

"Shadrach!" murmured he, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible.

"Yis, Stephen, beg?"

"Stay with me a moment. I am dying."

"Dying? No, no! Sure ye're better than twinty dead wans yet."

All this time, Captain Beverley, the father of the poor dying boy, had been looking on in silence, still in the firm grip of two of the constabulary.

A look of intense hate played on his cruel countenance.

He now broke in—

"Dying, are you, whelp? Ha, ha! I'm glad to hear it, though—curse you!—you are my flesh and blood. Go and join your mother, and may the devil have both your souls!"

Captain Beverley turned upon him as if he would have smote him to the ground.

"Silence, wretch!" roared he, fiercely. "Have you no feeling?—are you worse than a dog?"

Without heeding the indignant words, the smuggler captain, actually foaming with rage, went on—

"Yes, curse you, I say! It is you, and the whelp bending over you, that have brought me to this! Curse you!—curse you!"

"Oh, father, father!" came tremulously and faintly from the dying lad's lips. "You know that I could never bear your evil ways. Have I not often told you that I would sooner die than be a smuggler? Have—"

The effort was too much for him.

With a cry of pain, he fell back in Shadrach's arms.

All save Beverley himself were struck with pity at the sight.

"Is he badly wounded?" asked Captain Carpenter, for in the excitement no one had attempted to see, all taking it for granted, from his words, that such was the case. "Perhaps we can save him yet. Let me look."

Saying which, he stooped down.

But when he touched the poor boy in the side, a low moan came from him.

"Hold the light nearer," said the good-hearted head-constable.

No sooner was this done than he rose with a grave face to his feet.

"Poor boy," muttered he, "poor boy. He has been shot in a vital part. He will surely die."

Our hero threw up his hands in despair.

At the same moment, Stephen again opened his eyes.

"Good-bye, Shadrach," murmured he, pressing our hero's hand; "good-bye. I trust you will be happy."

Then, looking with eyes that were dim and bloodshot, now towards the smuggler captain, the dying lad went on in a voice so full of pathos that it brought tears to the eyes of more than one present—

"Good-bye, fa-father! Good-bye, all!"

A sigh, a slight shiver, and Stephen was dead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN BEVERLEY UPRAIDS SIR PETER DAGNELL AND THREATENS TO EXPOSE HIM.

DOUBTLESS it has struck the reader that in the last chapter or two no mention has been made of Sir Peter Dagnell.

The reason is soon explained.

Arrant coward that he was, he had taken no part in the recent struggle.

Not he.

Instead of entering the cave, he had remained behind, well out of view, on the seashore, trusting that in the excitement of the coming combat his presence would not be missed.

Neither was it.

Indeed, every one had forgotten all about him.

Nor was it till after poor Stephen had breathed his last, and preparations were being made for the constabulary and their prisoners marching forth, that Captain Carpenter asked—

"Where is Sir Peter? Has any one seen him? Surely he, too, has not met his death?"

With these words, he scanned the entrance to the cave carefully, but of course could see no sign of the missing baronet.

"There's no muckle fear o' him being kilt, I'll wager," muttered Malcolm, who, as you know, had an intense contempt for the wily Sir Peter. "I'd bet a pound to a banbee he's no struck a blow the night."

Low though the tone in which the words were uttered, they were overheard by Sir Peter himself, for it so happened that the Scotchman was standing at the time close to the rock behind which that worthy was hiding.

Without pretending, however, to have heard them, Sir Peter now hastily came up.

He had disarranged his dress, and was making believe that he was puffing and blowing with exertion.

"We've had a hot time of it, captain," exclaimed he to the head-constable; "but thank Heaven, we've gained the victory."

Captain Carpenter looked at him somewhat sceptically.

"I don't remember having seen you during the conflict," he replied, with a slight frown.

Wily Sir Peter was equal to the occasion, however.

He was not in the least put out.

"Very likely not, captain," he instantly answered, "very likely not. I had my own work cut out for me. I suppose you know that one of the villains has escaped. I chased him for quite half a mile along the shore, and I'm much mistaken if we don't find his dead body in the morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Captain Carpenter, still eyeing him somewhat dubiously. "I had thought we had captured every one of the villains, save those we have killed."

"So I had thought till I saw the coward running away," responded the baronet, not one whit abashed. "But had we not better be moving, captain?" he added, with the object of putting an end to the conversation.

"March!" commanded Captain Carpenter.

And onward they went along the shore towards my Lord Seaforth's mansion, which soon was reached.

On the way, Sir Peter in vain endeavoured to whisper in the smuggler captain's ear.

The instant they had seen one another a meaning look had passed between them.

As it was so late and so far from the village, it had been determined that, instead of going to the village lock-up, the constabulary and their prisoners should put up for the night at the castle, and start direct for the county gaol in the morning.

The arrangement was suggested by Sir Peter, and naturally Captain Carpenter, tired and slightly wounded as he was, readily fell in with it.

He little knew why the baronet proposed it.

If he had overheard the words that Sir Peter kept muttering to himself he would have acted differently.

"Beverley must be released some way, or he'll blab, that's certain. His look tells me so."

Sir Peter never said a truer word in his life.

For was not this thought passing through the smuggler captain's mind?

"We shall fall together at any rate; there'll be some satisfaction in that, if he doesn't enable me to escape."

Hearing their footsteps as they walked up the long avenue leading to the mansion, Lady Seaforth, her daughter, and Captain Dagnell were waiting at the hall door to receive them.

All was quickly explained to them, but nothing touched them so much as the recital of the death of Stephen, whom they had at once taken a fancy to.

"Poor boy!" exclaimed her ladyship; "I am so sorry!"

"Sure, I'd sooner have died meself," put in our hero, whose eyes were red with weeping.

That, however, was no time for grief.

The smugglers had to be secured.

This was soon done.

The men were locked in the strong room of the castle, and police placed at the windows and doors to give the alarm in case they should attempt to escape.

As for the smuggler captain himself, he was placed in one of the rooms alone.

As this was done Sir Peter contrived to whisper a word to him.

Whatever it was it caused a look of satisfaction to play for an instant on Beverley's face.

At the same moment the door was locked behind him.

He, too, was a fast prisoner.

An hour afterwards all, save those on guard, were asleep.

No; there were two other exceptions.

These were Sir Peter Dagnell and Captain Beverley.

Stealthily the former groped his way upstairs to a small apartment over that in which the smuggler captain was confined.

Then he paused and listened.

All was still.

Stooping down, he gave three knocks on the floor of the lumber-room—for such it was.

Immediately three knocks came in response.

"Good!" muttered the wily baronet, with a wicked grin. "He is evidently as anxious to get free as I am to see him off, curse him! If he hadn't been a fool, he'd have been half across the Atlantic by now. Why, even that bungler, Dennis O'Connor, thought he had set sail."

As he ceased, he moved a huge trunk aside, muttering the while—

"How lucky I kept my knowledge of this secret passage to myself. Ha, ha, ha! Little did I imagine that it would ever stand me in such good stead."

The trunk carefully moved away, Sir Peter touched what looked like a knot in the flooring.

Thereupon, instantly a flap flew up, disclosing a kind of lift.

On this Sir Peter stood, when it glided noiselessly down with him, and a moment afterwards he reappeared with Beverley by his side.

"Why, you're cuter than even I took you for, Sir Peter," muttered Beverley, with a sneer, as he got off the lift.

"Am I?" said the other, coolly. "Well, we won't discuss that point now. You haven't a moment to lose. Follow me!"

As the baronet spoke he put his finger to his lips in token of silence.

Beverley, however, was evidently in no very good humour.

"Yes, that's all very well," he returned. "But do you think I'm going off in this way, with not a farthing in my pocket? Not I! Curse it! I'm a complete pauper. I've lost everything—even my ship is a wreck; else, do you think I would have been caught napping in this way?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" responded Sir Peter, on whom the announcement came as a surprise. "Well, don't bandy words now. Be off, in the devil's name!"

Instead of complying, Beverley sat himself

down on the trunk, and folded his arms quite coolly.

"No, nor in your name, either, Sir Peter Dagnell, and I don't know which is the worse one!" he exclaimed, determinedly. "Not an inch do I budge till I have money. I am sick of it—sick of it, and care not how it all ends; but I tell you one thing—if I fall, you fall with me!" "Fool!" hissed the other; "you'll spoil all!"

In their passion they had raised the tones of their voices to some loudness, the consequence being that Lady Seaforth, whose bed-chamber was adjacent, was awake out of the uneasy sleep into which she had fallen.

She had, indeed, been dreaming that her arch-enemy, Beverley, was persecuting her afresh, and on recognising his voice, she, in her intense alarm, shrieked out at the top of her voice—

"Quick—quick! Seize him—seize him!"

In the silence of the night the words echoed through the noble mansion, so loudly that the whole household took the alarm.

Immediately half-a-dozen of the constabulary rushed up the stairs, and one of them discerning Beverley as he was making for a window looking out upon the lawn, fired at him, with so true an aim that he shot him dead.

With an awful curse the smuggler captain rolled over.

Another villain was the less in the land! Father and son thus perished within a few hours of one another.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY SEAFORTH OVERHEARS A DARK CONSPIRACY AGAINST HERSELF.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

A WEEK has elapsed.

So well has Sir Peter Dagnell played his cards that suspicion has not fallen upon him.

At least, rather should I say that, though many eyed him with suspicion, none had actual proof that he had done anything wrong.

This was not to last, however.

Though he still remained at the Castle, he was treated coldly by all.

In her own mind, Lady Seaforth felt convinced that he had endeavoured to effect the smuggler captain's escape.

Had not she recognised his voice bidding Beverley fly instantly, after she had given the alarm?

Moreover, how was it likely that the smuggler captain should have himself been able to force up the trap-door from below, even supposing he had known of it.

This trap-door, by the way, had been found wide open; Sir Peter, in his hurry and flurry, to make it seem that he was in chase of Beverley, having forgotten to close it.

There was only one reason why her ladyship did not openly accuse the wily baronet.

She was afraid of him.

"Beverley must have told him my secret," she moaned. "Miserable woman that I am, I am in his power!"

That very evening she overheard a conversation between Sir Peter and Dennis O'Connor which sent many a thrill of horror to her heart.

Not that she knew at the time who the baronet's confidant was, for she had never seen Dennis. Besides, he was in deep disguise.

The two were in the little sitting-room which Sir Peter called his own.

It was situated right at the top of the house, out of the way of eavesdroppers, as the baronet doubtless thought.

Here he was often wont to get intoxicated, for to his many vices he added that of drunkenness.

Here he plotted and schemed.

Disguised so completely that even Shadrach would not have known him had he seen him, Dennis had come home with Sir Peter half an hour before.

Her ladyship had seen them enter the mansion together, and for some reason or other her suspicions were aroused.

So when they ascended to the sitting-room, she stealthily followed them.

For some little time her curiosity was sorely tried, for the men, so far as she could make out, sat in silence together, though every now and again she could hear their glasses clinking and

the smacking of their lips as they sipped their whisky toddy.

Something had evidently pleased them mightily.

"Yes," at length spoke Sir Peter, in a thick, unsteady voice, that showed the fiery spirit was getting the better of him; "the more I think of it, the better I like the plan. We must entice the brat to the lake by some means, and then make away with him, and manage so that suspicion shall fall on Lady Seaforth herself. Ha! ha! That will be vengeance indeed! Curse her! that she ever stepped in Lord Seaforth's way! If Beverley and I hadn't played our cards cutely, she would have spoilt all. Little does she think I am the next in succession, supposing they have no son."

"Sure, ye nivir could me ye waz before," put in Dennis.

"No," went on the baronet, with a chuckle; "nor would I now if you hadn't known so much already. But listen, Dennis O'Connor—you are necessary to me. This brat out of my way—and I have to curse your stupidity for his being in my way!—we need have no fear. But there's one thing puzzles me. How are we to make it appear that Lady Seaforth is his murderer?"

As the question was asked, her ladyship with difficulty kept back the cry of mingled indignation and fear that rose to her lips.

She did restrain herself, however, though she turned white as death.

For a little time there was silence.

The two conspirators were evidently thinking. "Faith, I have it," said Dennis O'Connor, at length; "haven't I got a portrait of her ladyship, and, sure, wouldn't it look suspicious loike if it woz found by the side of the spalpeen's corpse?"

"Capital!" exclaimed the baronet, "at least so far as it goes. But we must have stronger evidence. Why should she want to make away with the brat?"

"Bedad, I'll tell yez," responded Dennis, huskily, for the liquor was getting into his head by this time, as well as into his confederate's.

"Bedad, I'll tell yez."

"Go on, then," said Sir Peter, impatiently. "Well, be after listening attentively, Sir Peter, dear," continued the Irishman. "Sure, I've got some letters of hers to the dead captain, that wud be enough to—to criminate her, I'm thinkin'. We could put thim beside the corpse, too."

In vain now that the poor eavesdropping lady endeavoured to keep silence.

Trembling all over, she gave vent to a little cry of despair, clutching, as she did so, hold of the banisters for support.

She made certain that the two villainous conspirators must have heard her, so there she stood helplessly, expecting to see them rush out.

So interested, however, were they in their own conversation, and so satisfied in their own security, they had not caught the sound.

Finding this, Lady Seaforth gained courage.

A look of determination came into her face.

Approaching the door again, she heard Sir Peter rubbing his hands, and exclaiming in high glee—

"Why, you're a trump, after all, O'Connor! The idea's most excellent. She can't escape us, and we can get rid of the boy with impunity. Who will suspect us, if we are at all cute? Ha, ha! Both of them gone, the property's mine for a certainty—a certainty; for I'll take care that the old fool never marries again."

In her excitement, scarce knowing what she did, her ladyship opened the door noiselessly, and stepped into the room.

Even then Sir Peter and his confederate neither heard nor saw her.

Both were completely obfuscated with drink.

For a moment she stood looking at them defiantly and upbraidingly.

Then she made as though she would speak.

Instead of doing so, however, she seemed to think better of it; for, withdrawing as silently as she had entered, she shut the door and walked down-stairs.

Once in the privacy of her own chamber, she threw herself on the bed, and gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

"Villains!" she murmured; "now I begin to see why I have been so cruelly persecuted. So you, Sir Peter, with your wiles and your

smiling face, have succeeded in persuading my lord to make you heir-at-law, in case I have no male child. No wonder, therefore, you are afraid of me—no wonder you would have me hanged!"

She paused, and then went on— "But why do they want to make away with Shadrach? What has he done?"

Suddenly a light seemed to break in upon her.

Drying her eyes, she went direct to the dining-room, obviously expecting to find the lad there.

But he was not.

"Where is Shadrach, darling?" she asked, of Lady Alice, who was sitting there sewing.

"He has gone a little walk, mamma," was the reply.

"Where to, pet?"

"Oh, only about the grounds, I think," responded the young lady.

And she added—

"Shall I go and look for him, mamma dear? Do you want him?"

"Yes, but I will find him myself, darling," returned her ladyship, in a voice full of suppressed emotion. "A blow of fresh air will do me good."

Saying which, she turned away, and walked out on to the velvet-like lawn.

A little distance off she saw our hero, boy-like, playing with a large Newfoundland dog.

Immediately she went up to him.

"Shadrach," said she, tenderly, "I want to speak with you in private."

"Indade, yer ladyship!" exclaimed our hero, touching his cap respectfully.

"Come with me, my boy," her ladyship went on.

So speaking, she took him by the hand quite lovingly, and led him towards a little bower at the far end of the lawn.

"Sit down, Shadrach," said she.

The lad looked at her wonderingly, but obeyed in silence.

Her ladyship sat down beside him.

"Now, I am going to question you about your parentage, my brave boy," she went on. "Answer me carefully, for much depends on your replies—far more than you can imagine."

"Sure I will, yer ladyship," returned our hero, quickly.

"Then tell me, are you sure you cannot recall your mother to mind? Would you know her if you saw her portrait, do you think?"

The question was asked eagerly and tremulously.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY IN PLANTS.—Various authors inform us that there is a strong aversion or antipathy between the vine and the cabbage. The vine is wont to catch hold of anything nearest, except the cabbage, from which it naturally turns, if a cabbage is planted near it. The cabbage also is so hated by the new sown-bread, that they cannot grow together. The male and female palm love each other so much, that when their boughs intermix, they, as it were, embrace each other; neither will the female produce fruit, without she be properly placed by the male tree.

LAWS OF ALFRED.—The following extract from the Laws of Alfred, is prefixed as a motto, and may form a useful lesson for the legislators even of this enlightened age:—"Hence I, King Alfred, gathered these together, and commanded many of those to be written down which our forefathers observed—those which I liked—and those which I did not like, by the advice of my Witan, I threw aside. For I durst not venture to set down in writing over many of my own, since I knew not what among them would please those who should come after us. But those which I met with either of the days of me, my kinsman, or of Offa, King of Mercia, or of Aethelberht, who was the first of the English who received baptism—those which appeared to me the justest—I have here collected, and abandoned the others. Then I, Alfred, King of the West Saxons, showed these to all my Witan, and they then said that they were all willing to observe them."

This week, in the "Young Englishman," begins "Young Frank's School-days," a splendid treat for our boys.

PHYSICAL RECREATION.

TWIRLING FOR LARKS.

THIS pastime may be indulged in by everybody, from the artisan up to the nobleman; from the fifteen-year old youngster to the gonty old man; it has partisans among all classes. In the British Kingdom there are, comparatively, but few who practise it; but in Germany, in Belgium, and in France, it is much resorted to when other sports fail, or when the shooters are too tired of beating the fields, to resume their ordinary avocation with the gun.

The apparatus needed for the sport is of the very simplest description, and the rough illustrations accompanying this sketch will offer of themselves almost a sufficient explanation as to its construction.

The part A is a piece of wood, on whose upper surface a number of small pieces of looking-glass are glued. This head A has in its base a hole, sufficiently long to admit of the iron point of B to be introduced in it, and sufficiently large to allow the head to turn very freely and swiftly. The inferior portion of B is provided with an iron spike, sufficiently sharp to allow its being

primitive instrument is not only the most entertaining, but also the most successful one. Why, I cannot say, unless it be, perhaps, that the final pull of the string gives a sudden impetus to the twirl that is lacking altogether in the Mechanical Twirler. The latter turns on without trouble, it



is true, but its monotony is sometimes fatal to the sport, inasmuch as it does not entice the birds over so readily, neither does it fascinate them, if I may use the expression, with the power and dash of the hand-worked apparatus.

However, whether the twirler be hand-worked or mechanical, its outward appearance, as far as the top part of the apparatus is concerned, is entirely similar. The only dissimilarity consists in the fact that in the mechanical twirler the spiked end of the hand-twirler is done away with entirely. In its stead there is a kind of hollow box or pedestal, containing the works (spring and wheels) that set the twirl in motion. You have only to wind up the *engrenage*, let go the twirl, place the whole concern on the ground, just as you would place a clock on your mantelpiece, and there you are, ready for action, without any further trouble. This is no small advantage, for when it is rather coldish the hand-worked twirl is not over entertaining to the boy. Some Continental shooters, however, do away with the boy altogether. They pull their own twirls, and I admit that they do it very well, too, some of them; and a most comical and entertaining sight they are when seen from a distance. They do not pull the string with their hands, but fasten it to one of their ankles, and by moving the foot backwards and forwards they are enabled to set the affair a-going, and to keep it doing so. All the while, gun in hand, they are blazing away at the birds to their heart's content.

Once we came across just such a fellow in the North of Germany. He was down a valley, popping away like fun. At first, we could not see his twirl, and we were wondering what the man was up to, standing on one leg and moving the other, first before him, then behind, and so on. I thought he was mad. One of my companions said he thought the man was perhaps afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. A third fancied he had the cramp, and was trying to set his leg to rights again. To solve matters, we went towards the man, and, then, we found him twirling and shooting, quite unconcernedly, and rare fun it was.

Some object to his pastime, on the ground that it is a pity to kill the lark, whose song is certainly very pleasant. But then, if so, why shoot quails, whose quaint notes are so bewitching and so at-

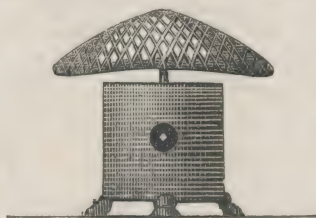


FIG 3

tractive? The fact is, all these men are trying to bring poetry and poetical sentiment into everything, even into sport, forgetting for the nonce, that the shooters do not kill the birds out of mere wantonness, but, prosely enough, for the sake of food; and as the French proverb has it, *Ventre*

affame n'a point d'oreilles, so the shooter kills, and kills again, fills his bag with birds, and, then when he has taken enough of them, he goes home and gets them made into a pie. Shooting larks is just as merciful, if not more so, as catching them in snares or nets. I have no patience with such mixtures of nonsensical absurdities and irrational arguments. As far as the singing that gladdens the heart is concerned, there are always plenty of larks left everywhere; for, even if the shooters wished it, they could not kill all. At any rate, netting and snaring are incomparably more destructive to the birds, than the guns.

The only objection I have to calling twirling by the honourable name of sport is, that there is no great skill required, to succeed in that branch of the fun. Neither is there the hunting for the birds, which, to my mind, is the best part of the enjoyment of shooting; but, as practice for beginners, and as a pastime for invalids and for veterans, it is not to be despised, and, in fact, it is most enjoyable.

Early morning is the best time for twirling. A cloudless sky, and a bright, *freezy* sun, will always insure success. Some boys should be sent round about the fields to make the larks rise, when, as soon as they will catch sight of the bright flashes of the sun, as they are reflected by the twirler in motion, they will instantly crowd all sail and flock above the instrument, when they are easily picked out and knocked over. An ordinary



FIG 1

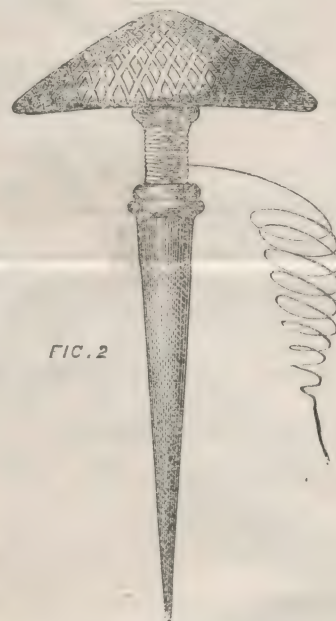


FIG 2

thrust into the ground without any great effort. When the apparatus is rigged out on the ground, a piece of string is fastened at the base of A, as shown in the sketch, and is wound round it, say a dozen times or more, and then its end must be about ten, twelve, or fifteen yards long. Generally a boy is intrusted with the pulling of that string. When the apparatus is set up and in working order, the boy quietly takes up the end of the string, and pulls it gently towards him. Of course, instantly the part A turns round and round, with a speed proportional to the pull given to the string. When the string is nearly unwound, the boy gives a rather sharp and sudden pull, and then he slackens his line and pays it towards the twirl, so that some part of the string may be coiled up round A, as it is turned round and round by the impetus just given to it by the last sudden pull. Then, when the twirl has wound round itself a sufficient number of coils, the boy pulls back the string again, and re-enacts the first part of the operation.

There are, however, Twirlers whose motive power is a spring. These wind up like clocks, and go on until the spring is slack again, when you must again wind it up. I have shot over both styles, and I must candidly say that the

shooter does not miss one lark in fifty, as the birds remain almost motionless, merely fluttering above the twirl. Of course to a man in the full enjoyment of health the fun soon grows tame, but to boys it is a never-failing source of entertainment; and as for shooters advanced in years, whose sight is impaired or whose strength is failing, it is a perfect treasure-trove; for there, and there alone, can they still handle the old gun, and indulge in their otherwise for ever gone, favourite pursuit of shooting.—*Young Fancier's Guide*.

"A ROSE" by any other name would be "got up."

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.—David was the model of an Oriental prince, handsome in his person, valiant, mild, just, and generous; humble before his God, and zealous in his honour; a lover of music and poetry, himself a poet. Successful in war, he reduced beneath his sceptre all the countries from the borders of Egypt to the mountains whence the Euphrates springs. The King of Tyre was his ally; he had ports on the Red Sea, and the wealth of commerce flowed during his reign into Israel. He fortified and adorned Jerusalem, which he made the seat of government. Glorious prospects of extended empire, and of the diffusion of the pure religion of Israel, and of happy times, floated before the mind of the prophetic king.

AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

ROBERT JORDAN must have been a descendant of that mighty hunter, Nimrod, for never did a great representative have a more ardent disciple. He had hunted in every country where wild game abounds, from the elephant-lands of South Africa and the tiger jungles of India to the great plains and snowy mountains of Western America. It was well he had a competency and could gratify his passion, for a man with his love of sport and adventure, without means, would have been very miserable.

It was December, and he was to be married in the following March—too short a time, his mother thought, for him to fly off before the hymeneal chain that was to hold him down for life was fastened. Indeed, Robert thought so himself, and yet, much as he loved Miss St. Clair, he often found himself in his odd museum of a room, looking about on the antlered heads, preserved claws and hideous tiger skulls—trophies of his skill—with an intense longing to revisit the old scenes, and indulge once more in the excitement of the chase.

"Not exactly, Frank. Are you going out to the Park, where they keep that kind of game?"

"No, sir; I am going to Florida," answered Frank, with affected indignation at his friend's manner.

"And there is plenty of game there?"

"There is a gentleman from Florida here who is to accompany me, and he assures me, to use his own language, 'There's cords and stocks of it.'"

"When do you leave, Frank?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"And you will be gone?"

"About eight weeks; but don't be alarmed, my boy: your first groom-man will report promptly at the appointed time, to see you more effectually bagged than ever was any game that fell before your rifle."

Robert Jordan did not pretend to notice this allusion to his approaching marriage. He was now absorbed in his friend's hunting tour. He felt like an inebriate who has signed the pledge, and has the liquor presented to him before he has recovered from the effects of his last spree.

"How would you like to have me go along with you, Frank?" he asked, while he pretended to pet the hound, now standing with its feet on his arms, and its beautiful slender head buried in

a character to sustain. I will call after supper to-night for your ultimatum."

The friends shook hands, and, after walking a short way in the direction he was going when he met Frank Canby, Robert turned back, went to his room, and began to overhaul his rifles.

Of course, Ella St. Clair gave her consent, and appeared to be cheerful, bravely concealing the sorrow she felt at the approaching separation.

Of course, Mrs. Jordan yielded a quiet acquiescence; she had grown too accustomed to letting Robert have his own way to refuse him now.

The result was that he went to Florida with Frank Canby and Mr. Berry.

Going down on the steamer, Mr. Berry laid out the programme which he thought it would be best to follow, in the following characteristic way—

"There's no kinder use in goin' inter beaten tracks for a good hunt. I used ter hunt up whar them towerists now run about; but the game don't yearn much for civilisation, an' in that respect I reckon I resemble the game. Now, my idea is to go over to Apalach, on the Gulf, then down to Fort Delany, up to Carlosabatchie, through the Big Prairie Country as far's Lake



ROBERT JORDAN TOOK A SURVEY OF OBSERVATION ISLAND, AND FRANK LEANED EAGERLY OVER HIS SHOULDER.

He had just left this remarkable room, and was walking down the street, when he met Frank Canby, an old schoolmate, and now a member of the Bar.

"What are you going to do with this fellow?" asked Robert, as, with a hunters appreciation, he fondled a splendid greyhound which was following his friend.

"Why, Bob," replied Canby, "I am going to do, for a month or two, what you have been doing for the last six years."

"That is nothing, judged from a business standpoint," laughed Robert, a flush coming to his bronzed cheeks, for he felt not a little ashamed, at times, when his friends joked him about what they called "his one failing."

"No, I am going to hunt."

"To hunt!" repeated Robert, his dark eyes flashing at the thought. "Why, in the name of Nimrod, what are you going to hunt?"

"Deer and bear."

"Deer and bear?"

"Yes: you don't claim to monopolise these animals, I presume?"

his open great coat, as if whispering to him to come along, and have just one more right royal time.

"Oh, I should like it above all things, and if it were not for the delicacy of your situation, and the fact that I would not rest under the suspicion of coaxing you off, I should have spoken to you before," replied Frank Canby, who at heart was delighted at the prospect of company held out by his friend's words.

"Well, the wedding can't come off till you return. I would postpone it if you were not present, and I'm sure, Frank, Ella—she's the very best girl in the world—would give her consent. After I am once under the cozy yoke I will submit to her every order and whim—that is, if such a sweet, sensible little thing can have any whims."

"Then you want to come?"

"I do, Frank, and more, I am going."

This was said with unmistakable emphasis.

"Very well. You can explain all about it to your mother and Miss Ella. Exonerate me, for, as a member of the noblest of professions, I have

Okechokes. If we do that, gentlemen, I'll promise you deer, bar, turkeys, an' alligators till you can't rest—not to speak of rattlesnakes, cotton-mouths, moccasins, and such like varmints. Besides, this trip will be right in the line with Tampa, whar, for the present I make my headquarters. It's a lovely place, but don't tell the towerists."

Robert Jordan entertained something of Mr. Berry's contempt for civilisation, and at once decided that the route suggested was the proper one, and should be followed by all means; and Frank Canby, being a novice in such matters, agreed at once.

They stopped for a few days at Tampa, while Mr. Berry got himself ready for the trip, and here they enjoyed the very finest fishing either of them had ever had.

Fort Delany is a point military only in name. It was garrisoned during the Florida War. Were it not for this fact the few wretched cabins on its site would not be of enough importance to warrant a name on the map.

Here a "bateau" was procured, and with such

necessaries on board as they thought they would need for the journey, they began the ascent of the Carolanahchie.

If Mr. Berry's great desire was to get out of the beaten paths of tourists and sportsmen, he effectually succeeded, for a wilder country than that traversed by this remarkable river it would be difficult to imagine.

The bottom was covered with a tangle of cypress, water-oak, cane and fern, knotted into an impenetrable barrier by the vines that reached out their myriad tendrils to every shrub and stalk and tree, binding them into such a dense mass of tropical foliage that it would seem even the humming birds could not pass through.

The river where the current was slow was a mass of water vegetation that rendered progress difficult, and the branches of giant trees meeting overhead kept out the sun, and formed a Gothic arch of dim grandeur and giant dimensions. Lying on the banks, with their huge, red mouths open in lazy sleep, or drifting past the boat, like slimy logs, were hundreds of hideous alligators.

Fifty miles up they reached the Big Prairie Country, and here the sport began. Frank Canby did not imagine before there were so many deer in the world. They could shoot them by the score without going out of sight of their camp-fire, while turkeys and other feathered game were equally abundant. Even Robert Jordan had to acknowledge that he had never seen a better country for sport, "such as it was."

"You'd like something wilder, more dangerous, like, I reckon?" said Mr. Berry, with a twinkle in his gray eyes.

Robert acknowledged that the element of danger was not an objection to a man who loved sport.

"You're right thar. It does me good to hear a man talk that way, for 'tain't often I meet up with a man carryin' a rifle who's willin' to go in an' git all the sport out of it he can."

Mr. Berry's respect for Robert rose at once, and he determined, now that he had found a hunter worthy of the name, to share with him an adventure which had been long on his mind.

With this thought before him, he asked Frank Canby:

"What kind of dog is your'n for bars?"

Frank looked down at the beautiful hound, and answered, in a hesitating way:

"I should think he'd be good; but of course I never tried him?"

"What kind of a dog do you think best to nose down bar?"

Frank had never indulged in a bear-hunt, and had to acknowledge the fact; but so great was his faith in the versatile abilities of his hound, that he said he thought the animal would perform many works of that kind that was presented to him.

"Wa'al, I'm in for leavin' Big Prairie for the present. Let us go over to Lake Okechokee for a week or so, an' when we come back, I'll bet you'll say we never had such a time in all the days of your life."

"Plenty of bear over there?" asked Frank, in a manner intended to be careless and off-hand.

"Plenty!" replied Berry. "Why, I've heard an old soldier say thar's more bar-hunters killed in thar by the lake in proportion than there is men in the heaviest kind of battle."

"That is because they are green, I think," said Robert, coming to the rescue of his friend, who was unmistakably nervous.

"Beggin' your pardin' thar, Mr. Jordan, them men what I know to have been killed was our most experienced bar-hunters. Oh, if it's danger you're after, I'm in with you; an' if it makes you happy, I reckon we'll find enough over by the lake to make you believe you are in the seventh heaven."

"All right, Mr. Berry; I warrant you we will have all the sport that can be had, so I say let us break camp and start at once."

"You've got a telescope, Bob," said Frank, earnestly; "have a peep, and let's know if you can see all them bears Mr. Berry says are there."

To humour his friend, Robert Jordan took a survey of Observation Island, and Frank leaned eagerly over his shoulder.

"Do you see any of 'em?" he asked.

"The glass is a powerful one, but I can't distinguish movable objects at such a distance," returned Robert, closing his telescope. "We

had better break up camp, as I said before, and hunt round for the bears on the other side."

Robert Jordan's suggestion was agreed to, and the three men entered the *bateau* and started for the shores of the great lake, which stretches half across the peninsula of Florida in that latitude.

A day's hard rowing brought them to the wooden shores of the great lake, and, selecting a good camping-place, they started on the search for bears.

A three-days' tramp developed the fact, according to Mr. Berry, that "this didn't seem to be a good time for bars, but it was bully for alligators." These hideous reptiles, from the smallest size to monsters twelve and sixteen feet in length, absolutely swarmed along the low shore.

"Thar's two things left for us to do," said Mr. Berry, after they had returned one evening to camp very much exhausted by their fruitless hunt for bears.

"What's that?" asked Robert.

"Why, go lower down the lake, whar I reckon the bars have gone to gather pecans, or else go over to Observation Island, whar the bars allus make their headquarters at all seasons of the year."

Observation Island was about four miles from the main land at that point, and, as Mr. Berry asserted, the bears had it in exclusive possession by right of long and undisturbed occupancy. It was decided to row over on the morrow.

"We can only stay three days, Mr. Berry, as I must be getting back home," said Robert Jordan, as they rowed across the lake on the following day.

"Oh, the island ain't big, an' in three days we can kill bars till there's no fun in it," replied Mr. Berry, in a very confident tone.

There can be no doubt but Mr. Berry's statement would have been verified had the *bateau* been kept in the direction of Observation Island; but an unexpected mishap prevented their ever setting foot on that paradise of bears.

As they were passing a low island about two hundred yards to the right of their course, Frank Canby, who was examining the shore through a field-glass, exclaimed—

"There's a bear over on the shore! See, see!"

His companions turned their heads in the direction indicated by his extended arm, and standing in an observant attitude down near the water's edge was a huge black bear. The chance was too good to be lost, so, without a word, they turned the boat and headed for Bruin.

The bear waited till they were within a hundred yards; then, as if satisfied with his inspection, he turned and walked back deliberately through the dense undergrowth.

The moment the *bateau* reached the shore, they started, with their rifles on their shoulders, after the hound that had leaped on shore, and was now after the bear.

The island was too limited in area to permit of much of a hunt. They soon came up to a huge cypress, at the foot of which the dog was barking vociferously.

"I see him again. There he is!"

Frank Canby, in his excitement, raised his rifle and fired, then looked at a spot on the ground where he expected to see the bear fall; but the deliberate animal only crawled a little higher up.

Then Robert and Berry fired, and simultaneous with the report of their pieces there came a heavy thud on the ground near by. The bear was as dead as Hector, and, to Frank's great delight, there were three bullet-holes in its glossy black hide, so that he came in for a due share of the honour.

They at once went to work and skinned the bear, then cut off the fat hams, and started for their *bateau*, elated with their success. But their exuberant spirits were destined to a sudden fall, for they found their *bateau* adrift, and some two hundred yards from the shore.

For a moment—so utterly overwhelmed were they with this calamity—neither could utter a word, nor could one accuse the other of neglect, so, in their great distress, they did not lay the blame on any one, but philosophically shared it in common.

"What are we to do?" asked Frank, in despair, as the full appreciation of their desolate and helpless position came to him.

"I reckon we'd better start a fire, an' sit down by it to think," said Berry, evidently unable to give a satisfactory opinion without deliberation.

The fire was started, and they broiled and ate some of the bear-meat; but the calamity had ruined three very promising appetites.

Pulling the long gray moss from the trees, they made beds, and went to sleep by the fire, but the song and sallies of wit customary to such occasions were hushed. Each pretended to sleep, and thought everybody asleep but himself. They practised this innocent deception till near daylight, but when the ominous wind, that had been sighing for long hours through the gloomy cypress-trees, like a prelude to a mighty funeral dirge, died out, and then began a rain such as neither Berry nor Robert Jordan had ever seen before. They were soon dripping wet, and when daylight came, bringing no cessation to the deluge, they saw the solid earth of the island turning into a liquid morass.

"The island will soon be flooded if this thing keeps up," said Mr. Berry, toward nightfall, as they stood about the bear, appeasing their appetites—now sharp enough—on the raw flesh.

"And what are we to do, Mr. Berry?" asked Frank.

"We must take to the trees, I reckon."

"To the trees?"

"Yes; or be ate up by the alligators. See, they're already crawlin' nearer!"

Berry pointed to a score of hideous creatures not thirty yards off.

"Yes, and we must take to the trees before it gets dark, for, if the rain keeps up till morning, the water will be waist-deep where we stand," said Robert, looking about at the trees as if he were selecting one.

"And the dog—what will we do with him?"

"He must take his chances, Frank."

The beautiful creature was looking into their faces as if he understood what they said.

All through the day it had rained, and it promised to rain all through the night; so, selecting a tree with low branches, the three men climbed up and perched themselves where they could be most comfortable, if the word "comfortable" be at all appropriate in such a connection.

Night came, black and chilling, and still the rain came down in perpendicular torrents. It would be useless to attempt a description of the long, black hours. Robert Jordan acknowledged to himself he had never been in such a tight place, and, through the gloomy hours, he thought of the sweet girl in her Southern home who might long wait in vain for his coming. He blamed himself for not having stayed at home, satisfied with past adventures.

Day came, with still the heavy clouds above and the rain pouring down. The dog had clambered up a cypress-tree, and was whining piteously, and the three men were weary, cold, wet, and hungry.

They saw nothing before them but cold and starvation. And, to add to the horror of their situation, the water beneath them swarmed with op-mouthed alligators.

About noon Mr. Berry, who had been looking anxiously at a floating object beneath, uttered a cry of joy, and, to the surprise of his companions, clambered down the tree, and recklessly dashed into the water.

"What is it? The boat!" shouted Robert and Frank.

There it was, sure enough—water-logged, but afloat. Mr. Berry rocked much of the water out, then got in and began bailing with all his might. He soon had it as dry as anything could be in that storm. Everything was intact, and the two friends crawled down.

The next day they started down the river, uncaring for the game, and never halted till they reached Tampa.

Robert and Frank stopped a day with the brave Floridian in his bachelor quarters, then went North, taking with them the hound.

The novice and the veteran were thoroughly satisfied with their last hunt, though, for years after Robert Jordan's marriage, the adventure among the alligators was always a subject Frank Canby had in reserve if the conversation threatened to lag.

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND USEFUL INFORMATION.

Contributions from subscribers are invited for this column.

WHY are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are, the better they crack.

WHY must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is the scenter.

A PHILADELPHIA man has worn the same pair of linen trousers forty-nine summers. They have been in style seven times.

AN Irish member of the House of Commons once remarked that a man could not be in two places at once, barring he was a bird.

"Yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," replied a fond mother; "for she can't fry pan-cakes now without smoking the house all up."

A NEWSPAPER coarsely calls the Chinese emigrant a beat. Regarding him as a vegetable, we should prefer to speak of him as a queuesomer.

ST. JOHN'S BREAD.—The fruit of the carob tree was supposed to have been eaten by St. John in the Wilderness, whence it was named St. John's bread.

ST. JOHN'S WORT.—The peasants of France and Germany gather, on St. John's Day, a species of the plant St. John's Wort, and hang in their windows, as a charm against evil spirits.

A GIRL visited a music-shop and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care," and "When I Swallowed Homemade Pies." The clerk at once recognised what she desired.

A CURRY lawyer was making a high-flown speech the other day, telling about angel's tears, weeping willows, and tombstones, when his honour said, "Confine yourself to the dog-fight."

A QUEEN CALLED A KING.—The Hungarians formerly gave the name of King to their Queen Mary, to avoid the infamy which the laws of that country cast upon those who are governed by women; accordingly, she bore the title of *King Mary*, till her marriage with Sigismund, at which time she took the title of Queen.

A NORTH Carolina negro thought he could outrun a locomotive the other day on the Air Line road, and when he picked himself up, after being thrown twenty feet, and landing on his head, he said, "You don't ketch dis yer chile doin' dat agin. It's a right smart wonder I didn't tear dese britches clean off."

THE FROG TAKING ITS FOOD.—The friend to whom I am indebted for having first called my attention to this amusing exhibition happened to be re-potting some green-house plants; and meeting with a moderate-sized worm among the roots of one of them, he carelessly threw it aside, into a damp corner near the green-house. Almost immediately a frog issued from his lurking-place close by, commenced his attack upon the worm, and soon despatched it. Another worm was thrown to him, which he treated in the same manner. But the amusing part of the business is to watch the manner in which the frog first notices his prey; and this I can compare to nothing so aptly as to what, indeed, it very much resembles, a pointer-dog setting his game; he makes, in short, a dead set at it, oftentimes, too (if the relative position of the two animals so require it), with a slight bend or inclination, more or less, of the fore part of the body to one side, just as we often see a pointer turn suddenly when the game is on one side of him, and he has approached very near before he has perceived it. After a pause of some seconds, or more, the frog makes a dart at the worm, endeavouring to seize it with his mouth. In this attempt he frequently fails more than once, and generally waits for a short interval, acting the pointer, as it were, between each attack. Having succeeded at last in getting the worm into his mouth, if it be a large one, he is unable to swallow it immediately, and all at once; and the portion of the worm which remains unswallowed, and extends out of the mouth of its destroyer, of course wreaths about, and struggles with a tortuous motion. With much (but somewhat grotesque) dexterity, the frog then employs his two fore feet, shoving and bandying the worm, first with one, and then with the other, in order to keep it as nearly as may be in the centre of his mouth, till the whole is swallowed.

A LITTLE girl was told to spell ferment, and give the meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer:—"Fer-men-n-t, a verb, signifying to work; I love to ferment in the garden."

AMERICAN TEACHER: "Who was the first man? Head Scholar: "Washington; he was the first in war, first in— Teacher: "No, no; Adam was the first man." Head Scholar: "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was!"

A TEACHER, questioning little boys about the graduation in the scale of being, asked, "What comes next to man?" whereupon a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under the sense of previous defeat, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

A YOUNG lady who entered a music shop, and asked the young man in attendance, "Have you 'Happy Dreams'?" was astonished when he replied, "No, ma'am, I'm mostly troubled with the nightmare." He didn't know why she went out so hurriedly, and slammed the shop door after her.

"My faith!" said a little Italian to his friend, as they walked along behind young Strut, who assumed a vast consequence on the strength of being worth thirty thousand dollars—"my faith! I should like to make one grand speculation." "And in what would you speculate, signore?" asked his companion. "I should like to buy that young man for what others think him worth, and sell him for what he thinks himself worth; it would make me one grand fortune."

PULLING EARS BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE, &c.—Among the Romans it was a custom to pull or pinch the ears of witnesses, present at any transaction, that they might remember it when they were called to give in their testimony. Among the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored; and among the Hebrews and Romans this was a mark of servitude. Butler tells us "that a witty knave bargained with a seller of lace, in London, for so much lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to pillory at Bristol. Mandeville tells of a people somewhere, that used their ears for cushions. And a servant of his (says Dr. Butler) that could not conceal his *Midas*, told me lately in private, that going to bed, he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted night-caps."

THE WINGED LIZARD.—The *Pterodactylus*, or winged lizard, one of the most extraordinary productions of the fossil world, is an animal which forms the intermediate link, hitherto deemed to exist only in fable, between birds and reptiles. This creature, previously known in two formations upon the continent, has been recognised in the lias of Dorsetshire. We cannot resist the temptation to introduce this remarkable animal in the language of Professor Buckland:—"In size and general form, and in the disposition and character of its wings, this fossil genus, according to Cuvier, somewhat resembled our modern bats and vampyres, but had its beak elongated like a bill of a woodcock, and armed with teeth, like the snout of a crocodile; its vertebrae, ribs, pelvis, legs, and feet, resembled those of a lizard; its three anterior fingers terminated in long hooked claws, like that on the fore-finger of the bat; and over its body was a covering, neither composed of feathers, as in the bird, nor of hair, as in the bat, but of scaly armour, like that of an iguana; in short, a monster, resembling nothing that has ever been seen or heard of excepting the dragons of romance and heraldry. Moreover, it was probably noctivagous and insectivorous, and in both these points resembled the bat; but differed from it, in having the most important bones in its body constructed after the manner of those of reptiles. With flocks of such like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosaurs* swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers—air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in those early periods of our infant world."

FLYING KITES IN THE WATER.

CONCERNING the art of flying kites in the water one of Doctor Franklin's anecdotes came to my mind. When a boy, he amused himself one day with flying a paper kite, and approaching the banks of a lake nearly a mile broad, he tied the string to a stake, and the kite ascended to a considerable height above the water whilst he was swimming. Desirous of amusing himself with his kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, he returned and loosing from the stake the string with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water, where he found that lying on his back, and holding the stick in his hands, he was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. He then engaged another boy to carry his clothes round the pond to a certain spot, and began to cross the lake drawn along by his kite, which carried him over without the least fatigue.

This was narrated by the Doctor himself, and there is little doubt but that it might be accomplished by a confident swimmer, but if it is true, as stated, that Doctor Franklin could not swim, I am inclined to believe that his kite voyage was but a passing thought from his fertile brain.

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A WELL WISHER.—1. Writing very fair. 2. We cannot inform you. 3. Resolutely abandon it.

COLONEL JACK.—You are likely to do well if you persevere; being bound to a trade does not always insure prosperity. 2. Writing very good. 3. See our notice; we do not insert books for exchange gratis. 4. Swimming is an excellent exercise, and once a day in the summer will not hurt you. 5. You may outgrow the bleeding from the nose, but it would be wiser to consult a medical man. 6. Above the average.

GEORGE KING.—Asterisks do not always refer to marginal notes; if more than one is used in a line, they are intended as a break to the story. 2. The marks generally arise from accidental blows; they will disappear. 3. There are a dozen poems of the name. To which do you refer? 4. Exercise promotes growth; try it. 5. Thanks. 6. We do not understand you. What obelisk?

JOE.—The remark refers to a wooden door; a rabbit-hutch should be fronted by two doors, one of wire-work, the other of wood, covering the breeding den. 2. We cannot tell you how tall you may become, but you promise well. 3. We are pleased to learn our journals are so warmly approved of.

T. TANNER.—It is with pleasure that we return thanks for your encomiums upon "Tom Wildrake's Schooldays;" the task of replying to the heap of praises we receive is a pleasant toil, although we have nearly exhausted our vocabulary of thanks. 2. Look out for the new sea story in a week or so. 3. Writing very good. 4. The story is a piece of absurdity, the invention of some would-be wit.

W. SMICK.—Your charade is incomplete—the only bar to its insertion. Send again.

DICK.—More praise for "Tom Wildrake;" we are fairly overwhelmed—thanks. 2. It is impossible at times to have the illustrations and matter match in the same number,—but we will try to please you.

C. H. BAILEY.—Poem nearly up to the mark, but not quite. Go in again, and win a space in our columns.

DON JUAN.—Use a little rum and castor oil in equal proportions; it is an excellent thing for the hair.

SAM RUST.—The post of Commander-in-Chief does not descend from father to son.

A FAD BOY.—Under any circumstances we should have had an easy mind; knowing how earnest our efforts were to please and instruct; but now that praise is heaped upon us like a mountain, we shall go cheerfully on our way, bearing our burden joyfully.

YOUNG PASHA.—You suffer from a disordered stomach. Let your diet be plain, take as much exercise as you can without over-fatiguing yourself, bathe frequently, and let us know how you get on. Moderation in all things is the secret of sound health, and we have proved it.

TOM WILDRAKE.—Our arithmetical figures were borrowed by the Arabians from the Brahmans (the philosophers of India), who were much skilled in the knowledge of numbers. The Arabians, before that time, made use of letters to count with.

A SOLDIER.—Nearly 400,000 yeomanry and volunteers enrolled themselves in 1803.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.—The word "Hussar" is of Hungarian origin, and signifies in that tongue "twenty," the term being originally applied to a picked corps formed by a selection of the finest men in every twenty taken from different regiments.

HAWK'S EYE.—It was Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, who said he would rather "be a tiger for a day than a sheep for a thousand years." Never was there uttered a sentiment more characteristic of its speaker.

CADET.—Captain Marryat was a naval officer. Captain Mayne Reid a military officer. Your last question will no doubt be answered if you write to the gentleman. We are unable to comply with your request. If you are, as you say, a naval cadet, you will be able to judge for yourself.

A READER OF THE "YOUNG BRITON."—If you possess any vocal ability join a singing class, which will teach you time and other essential points. But, if you can afford it, take lessons from a private tutor.

WALLACE.—We do not know of any book specially devoted to the subject. You can buy a variety of hair dyes at any chemist's, but as they may prove too expensive for your purpose, we give a few recipes by which you can make hair dyes just as good as those to be bought at an exorbitant price. The following is made of two solutions: For solution 1 take hydro-sulphuretted ammonia one ounce, solution of potash three drachms, distilled or rain water one ounce. Mix and put into small bottles, labelling No. 1. Solution No. 2, nitrate of silver one drachm, distilled or rain water two ounces. Dissolved and labelled No. 2. The first solution should be applied to the hair with a tooth-brush, and the application continued for fifteen or twenty minutes. The second solution is then brushed over and used to separate the hair. The liquid should come in contact with every part, but care must be taken that it does not touch the skin, as it will leave a dark stain wherever it comes in contact. Another mode for dyeing the hair is to take equal parts of litharge and lime, and mix with water to form a paste if black is desired; if brown is the colour required mix with milk. Clean the hair thoroughly with soda and water, then plaster the paste pretty thickly before going to bed, and cover the head with oilskin or a handkerchief. Next morning brush the powder out and oil the hair.

GRIMSBY.—When the stone is ground stretch a piece of carpet on some wood. Spread some putty-powder on the carpet, and sprinkle water thereon; rub the stone on the carpet, and a brilliant polish will be produced.

FRED. MAY.—Gas, as an inflammable aeriform fluid for lighting streets and other places was first described by Dr. Clayton in 1739. Coal-gas, for the purpose of illumination, was first tried in Cornwall by Mr. Murdoch, 1792, and was not introduced into London till 1807, and not generally used in the streets before 1814.

TOM DRAKE.—We have just had a new edition of "Frank Fearless" bound up, complete in one volume, price two shillings and sixpence, by post fourpence extra. Writing tolerably good, will do for a lawyer's office. Smoking is decidedly injurious to the health of youth, unless in rare cases where recommended by the doctor for certain diseases. At the best, smoking is an expensive luxury, and when once acquired can rarely be given up. The habit is not a clean one either, as it causes expectoration, and the fumes of tobacco are often objectionable to the fair sex. Besides this, it destroys the sensitiveness of one's palate, and leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. If you desire to preserve your teeth, and keep your breath sweet, you will not take to smoking.

W. SPARKS.—Wrap the horse-shoe magnet with copper wire, connect with a galvanic battery, and apply a strong current of electricity.

WOULD-BE VOCALIST.—Buy Mr. Carwen's tonic sol-fa music. It is easy, cheap, and true. Can be purchased at the Agency, Paternoster-row, London.

JOHN PHILLIPS.—The West London Boxing Club is a good club to learn boxing, but if "J. P." wishes to join a club he cannot do better than write for the rules of the St. James's Athletic Club. Address, The Hon. Sec., St. James's Athletic Club, Railway Viaduct, Albert-road, Peckham.

PETER CARTER does not state what kind of paint he means. If common paint, the best way is to rub down with a little linseed oil. Mix to the proper colour, and add more oil to a proper consistence, then strain.

YOUNG TOM.—Turn your fuchsias out and look for worms or defective drainage. Too much water will cause the buds to drop. Do not water till the surface of the mould is dry.

G. S. SUPPER.—Cyanide of potassium can be bought at any wholesale chemist's for 2s. 6d. per pound. It is then in lumps. If you will communicate with us we will inform you how to prepare it for entomological purposes, and also how to preserve pupae.

YOUNG GARDENER.—Dig a pit 3ft. square. Put 12in. of brick rubbish at the bottom to secure a dry subsoil; fill up with a mixture of loam and rank manure (a dead cat or dog is a fine stimulant for fruit). In this plant your vine, cutting off all damaged roots. Train your vine upon a south wall, if possible, and cut out all old wood and replace it by new wood, grown this summer. All planting and pruning should be done when the leaves have fallen, except the summer pruning, which must be done in August, according to the season.

W. JAMIESON.—We have no intention of bringing out a new journal. We have quite enough to do to look after the old one. Your suggestion would hardly be practicable. What boy would pay twopence a number for a journal partially filled with old stories? If we tried such a venture we should require a secret means of escape from Hogarth House, and a powerful body-guard to protect us from an outraged mob. Anything you want to know concerning the "Sons of Britannia" please write to the Editor, 6, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, E.C. The "Young Englishman" is still in print from the first numbers. If you are not able to procure it, we should take it as a favour if you would kindly furnish us with the names and addresses of some of the newagents in your district that we may send them numbers and showbills of our publications. The following will make a good cement to mend ivory:—Dissolve 1 part of isinglass, and 2 white glue, in 30 of water, strain and evaporate to 6 parts. Add 1-30th part of gum mastic dissolved in 6 parts of alcohol, and 1 part of zinc white. When required for use warm and make up.

T. HERON.—To make lemonade gas take a wide-mouthed bottle and fit a cork into it. Now make two holes in the cork of about the width of a quill with a round file, in one of the holes fix a small glass funnel with a tube reaching to the bottom of the bottle and in the other hole fix a piece of glass tubing bent at a right angle and terminating just inside of the bottle. It is now ready for generating the gas. Place a few pieces of marble in the bottle and replace the cork. Now pour into the bottle by means of the funnel some muriatic acid, which may be procured at any chemist's at 4d. per lb., moderating the action by the addition of water. The gas will now escape through the shorter tube, and by means of a piece of indiarubber tubing conveyed where required.

FRED. HERNE.—Not having tasted roast hedgehog we cannot say whether they are good or not, but the gipsies say they equal roast sucking-pig. They are of more use in the house than in the garden, as they eat cockroaches, crickets, &c., with great relish. In the garden they keep down the worms?

FANNY can buy silkworms' eggs and young silkworms in Covent-garden, at about 10s. per ounce; or at a small greengrocer's in less quantity for 12 a penny.

J. P. D.—The cause of milk becoming sour on standing a few days is the conversion of its sugar into an acid appropriately termed "lactic" from the Latin word lac, milk. You might procure it at a chemist's.

FLORIST.—There is no cure, nor apparent cause of the disease; but we have always found that if the plants are carefully grown, and only dead manure is used, and more especially that no insects are allowed to obtain a footing on the plants, failure seldom occurs. It should be borne in mind that no fire heat is necessary for the production of fine plants, unless they are required very early indeed.

TITMOUSE.—These birds require meal worms, which may be purchased at birdshops. Pigeons will pair in a few days if you keep them in a cage together.

L. C. D.—Rabbits breed all the year round, but require great care in winter.

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